

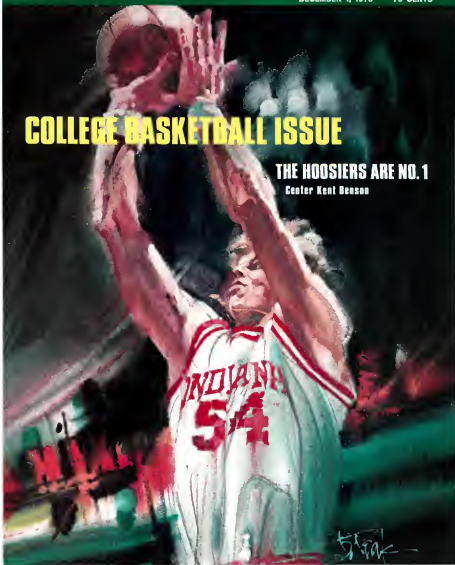
# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 1, 1975 75 CENTS

## COLLEGE BASKETBALL ISSUE

THE HOOSIERS ARE NO. 1

Center Kent Benson





**We built this Cutlass Salon for Dick Cullen who wanted a car in the grand touring tradition that wasn't traditional.**

So maybe Dick didn't have a lot of money to spend for his new car. But can you blame him for wanting the feel of a grand touring car? He found one with a reasonable price tag, and looks that were anything but traditional. The 1976 Cutlass Salon.



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*Oldsmobile*

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine.  
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '75.



Millions have already bought an SX-70 Land camera. But which model should you buy? Study the features, then see your camera dealer. Whichever you choose, you'll be getting not only a remarkable instrument, but an adventure in picture-taking.

# Shopper's Guide to Polaroid's SX-70.

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Nothing to peel, nothing to throw away.	Same	Same
Focuses from 10.4 inches to infinity.	Same	Same
Reflex viewing system (through-the-lens focusing).	Same	To focus, you set the distance on the face of the camera.
Precise 4-element lens.	Same	Same
10-shot color film, big prints.	Same	Same
Fresh power every time you load (battery is in the film).	Same	Same
Uses 10-shot FlashBar.	Same	Same
Genuine leather.	Brown Porvair.	Deep tan Porvair.
Folds to about 1"x4"x7".	Same	Same
Lightweight (24 ounces).	Same	Same
Brushed chrome body.	Off-white plastic body.	Black plastic body.
Automatic time exposures up to 1/4 seconds.	Same	Same
Automatic film counter.	Same	Same
12,000 RPM motor.	Same	Same
Uses all optional SX-70 attachments.	Same	Will not accept lens shade or close-up lens.

\*Suggested list prices. © 1975 Polaroid Corporation. Polaroid® SX-70®

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**THE EYES OF TEXAS** and a lot of other pieces will be on the shoot-out between the Longhorns and Aggies, which could decide who spends New Year's in the Cotton Bowl. By Edwin Sbrake

**A DREAM GAME** opens the college basketball season as Indiana and UCLA, the nation's two best teams, meet. Barry McDermott reports on what may be a preview of the March NCAA finals.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## PREVIEW

Unhappily, political fallout seems to have become an inevitable part of international athletic competition. The most recent example involved the touring Russian basketball team, which twice last week became the target of demonstrations. At the University of Maryland a container of oil (supposedly Arab oil, though the significance of its point of origin was lost in the shouting) was thrown from the stands onto the floor, and the Soviet-Maryland game had to be halted for 20 minutes while the court was cleaned off. The Washington, D.C. chapter of the Jewish Defense League immediately took credit for the disruption, citing as its grievances the use of Soviet professionals in amateur athletics and "the relentless persecution of Jews in the Soviet Union." The JDL was not very specific about which of the Russian players was guilty of either charge, but a spokesman said that his group plans similar outbursts at future sporting events.

Outside New York's Madison Square Garden on Thursday, a phalanx of students distributed leaflets detailing the plight of Soviet Jewry, foreshadowing the reception the Russians received inside before their game with Notre Dame. As they were introduced, they were greeted by perhaps as many boos as cheers. A few in the crowd hoisted during the Russian national anthem, shouted "KGB go home," sang a lusty rendition of *Yankee Doodle* and waved miniature American flags. It was not an exhibition of the glories of détente.

Since Munich, and even before, it has been obvious that sport is not immune to the bullying of political activists. If the Soviet team's strong performance was a preview of what to expect in Montreal, so were the actions of the demonstrators. It's really too bad.

## DOUBLE DARE YOU

The Big Eight clearly demonstrated its superiority in college football this season by winning 28 of 32 games played against

nonconference schools. No other conference came close to matching that record. Now, with all the fuss about bowl bids—resentment against Bear Bryant for picking Penn State to meet Alabama in the Sugar Bowl, instead of taking the loser of the Oklahoma-Nebraska game (victorious Oklahoma goes to the Orange Bowl as Big Eight champion)—Colorado Coach Bill Mallory has a suggestion. It is perhaps a bit prideful, but the pride may be justified. Mallory says, "They ought to take six of the Big Eight teams—Nebraska, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma State and Colorado—and send us to bowl games all over the country and see how we compare. I think the results would be something. I like that kind of challenge, and I think the Big Eight would meet it."

## THE END OF SOMETHING

Inflation has finally reached Chaver Ravine. After refusing to change their ticket prices for 18 years, the Los Angeles Dodgers have finally given in. Box seats have gone up a dollar to \$4.50, reserve seats up 50¢ to \$3, general-admission seats up 50¢ to \$2, kids under 12 up a quarter to \$1.

"We're not happy about raising our prices," says Dodger President Peter O'Malley, "but our computers show that at our old scale our break-even point would be an attendance of 700 million. That's a little dangerous. We must operate at a profit."

## WHAT'S IN A NUMBER?

Every now and then a first-magnitude star of pro football comes from an unbelievably obscure college. Take Billy (White Shoes) Johnson, the rookie sprinter of the Houston Oilers. Johnson is from Widener College of Chester, Pa., which you may not have heard of but which has a fairly remarkable tradition of first-rate football. For six straight seasons Pioneer running backs, including Johnson, led the Middle Atlantic South Conference in rushing. Four of them—John-

son, Richie Weaver, Don Watkins and Jackie Long, a senior this year—have had 2,000-yards-rushing careers. And all four of them wore uniform No. 46.

Widener Coach Bill Manlove says, "We were going to retire the uniform number in honor of them, but somebody suggested instead that we try to carry on the greatness of it."

So the only thing being retired at Widener is the idea of retiring Old 46. "We've got to keep that uniform alive," says Manlove.

And find another stud to wear it. Whoever he is, he'll have to earn it, because next year the team is going to sit down and vote on who gets the magic number.

## TOPPER

It was just a routine everyday halftime show at Provo, Utah. Lyle Bennett, a sophomore who works in the athletic of-



fice at Brigham Young University, had decided to ask his girl, Mary Shurtz, a freshman, to marry him. But Bennett is not one for doing things the obvious way. Instead, with the help of his roommate and others, he developed a secret plan. On the Saturday of the BYU-Utah game, Mary was in the crowd watching the halftime flash-card program. Suddenly, the message on the cards read, "Mary Shurtz, Will you marry me? Love, Lyle." Mary beamed and said yes, as dozens of delighted friends crowded around to congratulate the couple.

Meanwhile, unknown to Lyle, Mary, the 27,727 fans in attendance and everyone else, for that matter, a hang-glider devotee named Steve Siegel had spent

continued

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## SCORECARD *continued*

two hours climbing "Y" Mountain, just east of Cougar Stadium, dragging his 60-pound glider with him. During the half-time ceremonies he stepped off the mountain and began gliding down. Working the air currents perfectly, he soared over the walls of the stadium, circled the north end, passed over the students' section, made a final turn just over the south goalposts and gently lighted on the turf. The crowd loved it. As for Lyle Bennett, he said, "If I had known he was going to do this, I'd have had him bring the ring."

## CRACKING DOWN

At least one hockey league has become fed up watching games turn into donnybrooks and has taken strong action to stop it. No, it is not the National Hockey League, where the status remains quo, nor is it the World Hockey Association, which seems content to follow the senior league's lead in behavior patterns.

The enlightened circuit is the North American Hockey League, a minor league in the Northeast. Last year its championship was won by the Johnstown (Pa.) Jets, who, like the NHL champion Philadelphia Flyers, racked up a fearful number of penalty minutes.

That was last year. This year Commissioner John E. Timmins boosted fines and added automatic suspensions to all misconduct penalties. The first misconduct means a one-game suspension; the next, two, the third, indefinite. The more serious game-misconduct offense brings an automatic two-game suspension, and a match misconduct (generally assessed for what appears to be an intentional attempt to injure) brings four games. Repetitions of either eventually result in indefinite suspension. In addition, a match misconduct requires that the offender's team play shorthanded for five minutes, no matter how many goals are scored against it in the meantime.

"Eliminating behavior that results in misconduct penalties will not diminish the quality of the game in the least," says Timmins. "Misconducts don't add to skating, don't add to stickhandling, don't add to shooting, passing, checking or even fighting. Who needs it? If the other leagues want it, let them have it. We don't and we won't."

## STILL CHAMPION

Muhammad Ali, who was such a smash at the Frankfurt Book Fair in West Germany (STORECARD, Nov. 3), has been

wowing 'em in his current tour of American bookstores. In Washington, for example, he attracted nearly 5,000 people to an autographing session and sold 700 copies of his new book in less than two hours.

"I'm amazed," said one salesclerk. "When Bob Hope was here the crowd was so small we had to push employees through the line so he wouldn't feel embarrassed. George Jessel came here and didn't sell one book. The only person who spoke to him asked where the eighth floor was."

Ali was inundated by people, not all of them booklovers. One young man, who called himself Shaka Ali, fell on his knees before the heavyweight champion and cried, "You are God."

"I pray to God," Ali said, genuinely disturbed. "I'm not God."

"I would die for you," the young man said.

"That's scary," Ali replied.

Later he complained about his public appearances. "I'm overexposed," he said. "They're cheapening me with all the TV cameras. I'm going to declare a one-year moratorium on my mouth soon. I don't want to become like some guy you see on every talk show."

## FAST PACE

Harness racing may have its problems like the rest of the economy, but you couldn't tell it from the results of the Standardbred Horse Sales at Harrisburg, Pa. Yearlings, which made up more than 70% of the sale, brought a record total of \$7,413,000, more than \$1.5 million over the previous high set a year ago. The average price for a yearling jumped more than \$1,000 to \$13,830, the highest being \$140,000 for a trotting colt named Courtney Hanover. A 6-year-old mare named Somewhere My Love brought \$67,000, and the total spent for all 740 horses was \$9,333,100, compared to last year's \$7,857,400.

## GIRLS WHO WEAR GLASSES

Poor old COJO. You remember COJO, Montreal's organizing committee for the Olympic Games. You know all the trouble it's been having—strikes, delays, cost overruns, the Quebec provincial government taking over, a shaky future. Now its problem is women.

The fuss started when Mrs. Nancy Gelfand, a 26-year-old graduate student at McGill who speaks both French and

*continued*

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A romantic couple is shown in a hotel room. The woman, with dark curly hair and wearing a patterned dress, is seated at a table. The man, with dark hair and wearing a light-colored shirt, is leaning over her, holding a white mug. On the table are various items including a glass of orange juice, a white pitcher, and some fruit. The background features a wooden chair and a window with a view of palm trees.

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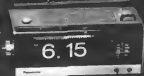
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#### SCORECARD *continued*

English and apparently has all the other necessary qualifications, was turned down when she applied for a job as a hostess at the Olympics. The reason, Mrs. Gelfand says, is because she wears glasses. "The guy took one look at me and said, 'Sorry, dear, but you wear glasses. There's no use even filling out an application.'"

Pressing elsewhere for an explanation, Mrs. Gelfand was told that behind the glasses rule was a feeling that women who wore glasses were unattractive, and that unattractive women were not to be hired as hostesses. "I was absolutely stunned," she says.

She protested, loudly and clearly, so much so that the matter reached the Canadian Parliament. M. P. Gordon Fairweather said her rejection was "insensitive, sexist and outrageous." The Minister of Labor, John Munro, had to assure the House of Commons that his department would look into the matter. The Minister of Health, Marc Lalonde, whose department is responsible for the status of women, would also be investigating.

An embarrassed COJO official, smarting under the criticism, declared there was no rule about glasses. But a woman member of COJO, speaking anonymously to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, said, "They try to keep it quiet around here, which is natural because of the feminist movement, but they are really looking for the cuties."

In all, COJO plans to hire 1,000 cuties—er, hostesses—and has already signed on about 30. A male chauvinist newspaperman who met some of them said they were real dolls.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Al McGuire, Marquette basketball coach, on the touring Soviet Union team: "It's strange to see so many tall, thin white guys with 1936 uniforms on."
- Elliott Oppenheim, Community College of Baltimore football coach, praising his players after a loss: "They have accepted all the responsibilities of football players like men. We got our heads handed to us in the homecoming game, but every one of them showed up at the dance."
- Joe Theismann, on what it's like being a third-string quarterback for the Redskins: "It's like when you have three wheels for a bike and you only need two. One has to lean against the wall. Well, here I am."

END

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**Sports Illustrated**

SEPTEMBER 1, 1974



*As Johnson passes down in the end zone with the winning touchdown, Greene (7), Baeshnagel (48) and Larry Klein (80) go up with joy.*

# O-HIGH-O BUCKEYES



*Stalled on the ground by a furious Michigan defense, Ohio State took to the air to rescue the game and strengthen its grip on the National title*

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

On the third play of the game, Rick Leach, the freshman quarterback, threw a swing pass to Gordon Bell coming out of the Michigan backfield. As the play unfolded a voice in the press box, surely that of a veteran Ohio State-Michigan watcher, screamed, "He's passing!" The voice was thick with discovery and awe, the kind of sound one might make to announce that someone was stealing his wallet ("He's stealing my wallet!") or undressing at midfield ("He's undressing at midfield!"). The play gained only eight yards, hardly a blockbuster, but, ah, what a foretaste.

The game that probably won for Woody Hayes a fourth national championship to curl up with this winter as, say, he contemplates retirement at 62—which he says he would not tell you if he were—was nothing if not a discovery. A discovery that Michigan-Ohio State could be one of those games you never dreamed about when you were watching them slog it out at 10-10. An exquisitely exciting, breathtakingly imperfect football game—that's what last week's showdown in Ann Arbor turned out to be. Just like nobody said it would.

So Ohio State wins, but the score is not two field goals to one, it is 21-14. Not since the start of the decade has the winner needed more than two touchdowns in this game. And if Ohio State-Michigan is always three yards and a spray of Astronap, what are they doing making 40-yard runs (well, underdog Michigan is making 40-yard runs; No. 1-ranked Ohio State is mostly recovering Michigan fumbles) and throwing long,

*continued*



With Ohio State leading 7-0, Michigan came back as Bell took a pitchout and lofted a pass to Smith, who made a nifty fingertip reception.

#### BUCKEYES continued

arcing devil-may-care passes? And completing them. And if these are teams that button down all the flaps and always keep to the right on the freeway, what are they doing committing eight turnovers (they are also *intercepting* long, arcing devil-may-care passes) and patching the ball around so hairily?

The question will arise—did the game get out of hand? Was it so good only because the two teams played out of character? Thirty-seven passes may not seem like much, but when it's Michigan-Ohio State it's much. By comparison, the 20 they threw last year made you feel as if the ball were flying around all afternoon.

Alas, traditionalists, you will be surprised to learn that it was no accident at all, that it was all right there in the game plans just the way those two old sticklers-in-the-mud, Woody Hayes and Bo Schembechler, wrote them. "We will pass," said Hayes to a friend in Columbus a day beforehand, "because that is where they are vulnerable." Hayes has been known to rip out the field phones when such strategy was proposed in the past. "I really wouldn't be surprised if it came down to passing," said Schembechler in his office on Friday. He said he knew he would necessarily be asking a great deal of freshman Leach, pitted against the experienced Ohio State secondary, but he had already crossed that bridge ("He may be a freshman, but he was born to compete"). Schembechler told Bud Wilkinson he would play it from

the start "like we were behind in the fourth quarter."

In those frenetic countdown hours there had been no hint that the two old rivals (Bo coached under Woody for six years) were anything more than fashionably irascible for the big game. Getting closer to their collars, they made predictable news—Hayes locked practices, held one icy press conference that lasted 97 seconds (a reporter timed it) and was steadfast in not being willing to express the word "Michigan" in conversation. But a close friend said Woody was actually "breezing—I've never seen him so loose. Uh, relatively speaking." Schembechler, for his part, waged a two-day war with United Press International over a photographer he caught aiming a sequence camera at his secret practice from an apartment building across the street. Before that slapstick was over, Schembechler had led a charge—battalion strength, presumably—on the building, got the police to confiscate the undeveloped film and, to demonstrate his indignation, resigned from the UPI ratings board. He also barred the UPI from the next day's press conference and called the photographer's attempt to sneak a picture "a shabby trick." The photographer called the Michigan coaches "bullies."

Schembechler smiled on Friday when he outlined the "secret formation" he was afraid the UPI man had photographed—a short-yardage alignment (picked up from watching films of In-

diana's near-upset of Ohio State) in which, à la Indiana, he shifted a 230-pound defensive tackle to blocking back and adorned him with a camouflaging (though legal) No. 30 jersey. As it developed, the one time he had a chance to use the play against Ohio State it lost a yard.

Ironically, the behind-in-the-fourth-quarter approach actually got Michigan



ahead in the fourth quarter, and only then—after almost three quarters of practically perfect play—did the Wolverines go away, unfastening in a blink what seemed a secured, and deserved, victory. This is not to say that Ohio State did not deserve to win, rather to give Schembechler credit for a gallant try to overcome what has become his and his team's singular failing: an inability to tick for 60 minutes against Ohio State. In the last 70 regular-season games under Schembechler, the Wolverines have lost only four games—all to Ohio State.

Here, then, some familiar scenes and characters in Bo's recurring nightmare:

Archie Griffin. Heisman Trophy Archie. Hundred-yards-a-game Archie. Archie goes out for the pregame coin toss before 105,543 fans in Michigan Stadium (announced as a record crowd, though a contingent of freeloading Cub Scouts supposedly swelled the limit to 109,000 in an earlier game) on a bright, clear, cold day, with a national television audience witnessing, and gets hugged by archrival Gordie Bell. In front of all those hot-eyed partisans wearing "Ohio Is a Four-Letter Word" buttons, or singing "We don't give a damn about the whole state of Michigan." Is it a demonstration of affection, or is it just a demonstration? (See, guys, here's how you put the clamps



*Bell won runner-of-the-day honors, breaking loose for 43 and 24 yards and passing 124 in all.*

on Archie—right arm around his neck, left arm. . . )

No matter. The rest of the afternoon Griffin is passed from hand to hand like a cheap artifact at a swap meet. Not since he was a freshman and a green apple in Woody Hayes' eye does Griffin have such a terrible time. Michigan's line plays straight-on when Ohio State expects it to slant, it slants when the Buckeyes do not expect it to at all, drops to a three-man front with hilling linebackers, and swarms, swarms, swarms. Everywhere that Archie goes the blue shirts surely follow.

After a first-possession 63-yard touchdown drive which he sparks with a pass reception and a number of short, darting runs, Griffin is neutralized. Over a stretch of seven carries, he makes a net of three yards; his longest run is five. On a no-gainer sideline play he is subordinated by Wolfman (Roverback) Don Dufek, an omnivorous defender, and in rapid order is struck by three flying Wolverines. Archie Griffin has gone 31 regular-season games without making fewer than 100 yards in his last two against Michigan he has made 163 and 111. But on this day he gets 46 in 19 punishing (for him, not Michigan) carries. "It's not the 100 yards that matters, it's the average per carry," Schembechler had said. In this game Archie averages a meager 2.4 a carry.

So is Archie crying? No, Archie is rejoicing. "I'd give up all 31 of those 100-yard games for this one," he says afterward. Typical Griffin. "The greatest, the

most unselfish player I've ever known. Archie Griffin could be the first black President," says Hayes, who is now unstoppable (no 47-second press conference this time). He calls the Buckeye comeback "the greatest in my 25 years of coaching."

What has Griffin's 46 yards to do with it? Heat, mainly. The heat he takes off the rest of the Ohio State offense.

*continued*

*Ray Griffin, Archie's brother, was a hero.*



*Greece passed splendidly when he had to.*



Eventually. But to set it up further:

In seven possessions, from their second play of the second quarter until only seven minutes remain in the fourth, the Buckeyes on offense are three plays and out. Not a first down in more than 30 minutes. Michigan dominates. During that stretch the Wolverines get six yards for every one they give up. Bell and Fullback Rob Lyle rip into the Ohio State defense with startling success, and Leach refuses to accept the opportunity to choke. Only when he is confronted, and confused, by a surprise seven-man line does he act his age, and even then, even after an errant pitchout stops one Michigan drive, and an interception another, and his own fumble a third, he is not discouraged.

He marshals Michigan 80 yards to a tying touchdown just before the half, the Wolverines achieving it on an 11-yard pass from Bell to Wingback Jim Smith, who makes as if to block Cornerback Craig Cassady, then shields him away with his backside as he turns for a stretching fingertip catch just inside the flag at the goal. And after sparring feebly through the third quarter, Leach takes Michigan 43 yards to a 14-7 lead, setting it up with two passes to Smith and getting the touchdown himself on a one-yard keep off the left side.

Now there is only 7:11 to play, and time to reintroduce Ohio State Quarterback Cornelius Greene. You remember Coryn from past episodes. He is also called "Flam," which is short for flam-

boyant. Flamboyant is the color of Coryn Greene's wardrobe, but flamboyant is not what you would call his quarterbacking, though no fault of his own. His body might belong to his haberdasher, but Greene's arm belongs to Woody Hayes. Woody is sometimes called "Wood." His critics say that is just about the consistency of his thinking when it comes to passing the football. But with the bull on the Ohio State 20 after Michigan went ahead, Greene is sent in with orders to do exactly that.

Television is renewing itself with a commercial break so Greene summons the Buckeyes together "for a prayer." What does he pray for at a time like that? "Extra strength," he says. He seems to get it immediately. On the first play he

## IT'S NORMAL IN NORMAN, OKLAHOMA O.K.

by LARRY KEITH

If the Big Ten showdown in Ann Arbor was notable for its departure from tradition, the Big Eight climax down in Norman was equally remarkable for its reversal of roles. Nebraska, which had gone undefeated partly because it was tighter than Scrooge, began handing out gifts like a department store Santa Claus. And Oklahoma, which for much of the season had a tendency to give opponents everything but the final score, gleefully began cramming its pockets with all those unexpected goodies. The result was a 35-10 Sooner victory, a share of the conference championship and a trip to the Orange Bowl. And if that were not enough to celebrate, the game marked the end of a three-year exile during which Oklahoma had won 31 games and a national championship without appearing in a postseason bowl or on television. America, you have no idea what you've been missing.

For most of the season, bobbles, bangles and just plain offensive inconsistency had been as prominent in the Oklahoma wishbone attack as a Joe Washington sweep. Errors caused the loss to Kansas three weeks ago and made games against Miami, Colorado and Texas unnecessarily close. "We forgot what it was like to really bear down," Steve Davis, the preacher quarterback, said early in the week. "I've made mistakes and taken

chances I shouldn't have all season. Critics talk about our young line, but I've got to do well for the offense to succeed and I've been forcing things. People have been writing me letters saying I should stop praying and start playing, but I'd rather try to do both."

Nebraska certainly seemed the kind of opponent that would require both. The Cornhuskers, in winning 10 straight games, had been models of efficiency, committing only 14 turnovers (to Oklahoma's 31) and prompting Quarterback Vince Ferragamo to say, "It's probably the main reason we're unbeaten."

So Ferragamo committed two of his team's four fumbles and threw both of its interceptions, and the Oklahoma offense cashed them in like \$100 poker chips. "Nebraska did not know how to react when everything started going against it," said Davis after he had scored two touchdowns and rushed for 130 yards. "We've been in that hole before."

The Sooners started out in that same hole again by fumbling on their first two possessions. The second one, and a third later on, set up a 24-yard Nebraska field goal and a 32-yard touchdown drive. But the Cornhuskers were giving up the ball with even greater regularity, and after sticking close for three quarters—they trailed 14-10—they collapsed completely in the fourth.



Barry Switzer got a large shoulder to rest on



winds up like Sandy Koufax and throws downfield, badly overshooting his receiver with what looks suspiciously like a desperation pass. On second down he is rushed into his end zone by blitzing Wolverines, somehow escapes and throws into a cluster of the wrong people. Two Michigan players get dibs at it and come up empty.

It must be recalled at this point that Conny Greene averages 8.7 passes a game. In two years he has not thrown as many as 16 passes, the number he is to throw in this game. On third and ten—really desperate now—he calls a play-action pass off a fake to Griffin. The Michigan linebacker on the side he wants to throw draws in out of respect for Archie, and Greene throws to Wingback

Brian Baschnagel over the coverage for 17 yards—Ohio State's first first down since the second quarter.

And just like that it became Ohio State's game.

On the next four plays Greene got four more first downs—two passes to Split End Len Willis, an 11-yard Griffin run (his longest of the day) and a 12-yard keeper to the Michigan 8. From there, Hayes reverted to what he calls his "button-shoes robust," a tight T with a full-house backfield. In four slugs Fullback Pete Johnson scored the tying touchdown.

Alas, now freshman Leach gets his comeuppance. He is sacked for a nine-yard loss to his 11, throws an incomplete pass—and then hangs one danger-

ously high in the air over Jim Smith's head. Raymond Griffin, Archie's younger brother, steps in front of Smith going full speed at the Michigan 32 and is down to the three before Leach blocks him out of bounds. On first down Johnson once more pounds into the end zone and Ohio State is ahead.

With an interception by Cassidy to seal it, Hayes' "greatest comeback in 25 years" puts him in the Rose Bowl for the eighth time. It is clearly the easiest way to go for the national championship, considering the battered Pacific Eight opposition that awaits him there. By comparison, Bo gets to play Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl as a consolation prize.

Leave it to Woody to take care of his friends.



after a victory that was no small comfort.

Oklahoma Middle Guard Dewey Selmon recognized signs of panic. "You can tell when a team is getting down on itself," he said, "and that's what happened to them. Their offensive line got real quiet toward the end and their fullback [Tony Davis] started getting violent. When a team loses its poise and cool, you know you've got them."

Part of the Cornhuskers' frustration was their inability to score quickly. A grind-it-out offense like theirs is good for pulling away, not catching up, and Johnny Rogers has not returned a punt for them since 1972. "We haven't really been challenged this year," Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne said a few hours before his hopes for a national championship were dashed. When Oklahoma presented that challenge with a ferocious defensive charge and an opportunistic offense, Nebraska sought a reserve strength that did not exist.

The Cornhuskers' first turnover halted a scoring threat at the OU 15 and the second set up a second-period touchdown, which Davis scored on fourth and one to put the Sooners on top 7-3. Nebraska I Back Monte Anthony had a similar one-yard opportunity at the end of the half but he couldn't make it. "We knew exactly what was coming," said Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer.

Oklahoma was still leading 7-3 at half-time, and Switzer told his players that they could win if they did not start fumbling again—which is exactly what Fullback Jim Litrell did on a handoff ex-

change shortly after the kickoff. Anthony covered the last seven yards for Nebraska in four straight carries to give the Cornhuskers a 10-7 lead.

When Oklahoma was held to 10 yards in its next two possessions, Sooners fans began to contemplate the joys of the Fiesta Bowl, whose invitation the team had voted to accept if it lost this game. Which it certainly was doing.

Nebraska had declined a similar invitation if it lost, only to change its mind after the game. But at this point the Cornhuskers gave the Sooners the lift they needed. Ferragamo was rolling out when Leroy Selmon crashed into him, the quarterback going one way, the ball another. Oklahoma recovered. In an eight-play sequence that started near midfield, Davis carried five times around right end, finally sending Fullback Horace Ivory off right tackle for the touchdown.

"The key to the game," Switzer would say later, "was our ability to move the ball after the defense got us good field position." Five minutes into the fourth quarter a fumbled punt recovered by Lee Hoyer gave Oklahoma possession at the Cornhusker 13. Two more plays to the right behind the blocks of Tackle Mike Vaughan and Guard Terry Webb set up Elvis Peacock's short scoring jaunt to the left. That made it 21-10 Oklahoma, and the two touchdowns that followed were merely adornments. The Sooners were on their way to the Orange Bowl and, should Ohio State slip, back in contention for the national championship. **END**

# THE SPREADING MENACE OF PCB

*New reports make it clear that the presence of this man-made chemical in food and water is a nationwide peril demanding quick action, not snappy-patter routines by some hesitant bureaucrats* **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

There was ironic laughter in the coffee shop of Chicago's Pick-Congress Hotel last Friday when Nathaniel P. Reed, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, glanced at the menu and said, "Ah, fresh salmon sandwich!" Only an hour before, at the concluding session of the National Conference on Polychlorinated Biphenyls (PCBs), Reed had delivered a blistering speech on PCB contamination of fish, including Great Lakes salmon.

"The problem is a national problem," Reed had emphasized to some 400 scientists, bureaucrats and conservationists. "I am deeply shocked by the pervasiveness of PCBs; they are literally everywhere. I am very troubled by the exceedingly high levels found in fish in all our drainage systems, and I do not mean just the Hudson and the entire Great Lakes system, but the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers of the Atlantic Coast, the Mississippi and Ohio rivers of the Midwest, the Columbia River system in the northwest, the Sacramento in the West, the Rio Grande and other Gulf Coast streams... even the Yukon in Alaska."

Reed called for the elimination of all sources of PCBs in the U.S. environment within three years. With a candor unusual for a federal official, he criticized the sponsor of the conference, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, which has done little protecting, and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, which has established a "tolerance" level of five parts per million of PCBs in fish for human consumption.

"Quite frankly," Reed ended his speech, "I am thoroughly disgusted by the gnashing of teeth, wailing and rubbing of hands. To the agencies which have the enforcement responsibilities, a word on behalf of the bewildered but concerned American people—*get on with it!*"

PCBs are chlorinated hydrocarbon compounds used by industries throughout the world because of their resistance to heat. More durable than DDT, PCBs are a proved menace to animal organ-

isms, ranging from invertebrates to man (SI, Sept. 1). In 1968 an estimated 1,200 Japanese came down with *Yusho* disease after using rice oil heavily contaminated with PCBs. The clinical effects included stillbirths, undersized infants, bone and joint deformities and various neurological disorders including loss of libido.

In this country, in a recent experiment on laboratory rats, PCBs caused liver cancer. Last week in Chicago the scientist in charge of that experiment, Dr. Renate D. Kimbrough of the U.S. Public Health Service, delivered a paper in which she warned, "Because of these findings in experimental animals, ingestion of PCBs in humans must be curtailed." The EPA estimates that about half the American public now carries around with it from one to three parts per million of PCBs in its fatty tissues.

Another speaker at the Chicago meeting was Dr. James R. Allen of the University of Wisconsin Medical School, who fed eight female rhesus monkeys a diet that included 2.5 ppm of Aroclor 1248 (one of the nine trademarked PCB compounds made by the sole domestic manufacturer, Monsanto Industrial Chemicals Company) for six months. They were then bred to normally fed male rhesus monkeys. Two females reared their fetuses, one suffered a stillbirth, and the five infants born were all undersized. Two of the infants died while nursing. The three survivors are now eight months old, and although they have been on a PCB-free diet for four months, preliminary observations by Dr. Duane H. Norback, a colleague of Dr. Allen, indicate that the youngsters are hyperactive.

The PCB problem, which has been growing for years, began to receive nationwide attention last summer when Ogden R. Reid, commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, warned the public against eating striped bass from the Hudson River or salmon from Lake Ontario. Reid issued his warning after receiving a report from EPA scientists who

noted that two General Electric plants at Hudson Falls and Fort Edward were discharging at least 30 pounds of PCBs per day into the river. In September, Reid brought action against G.E. to force the company to reduce its discharge to two pounds a day by Dec. 31 and to zero by Sept. 30 of next year. The action is now before a state hearing officer, and G.E. is contesting it all the way. It is worth noting, however, that in response to a state interrogatory before the hearing began, G.E. admitted, "During the past 15 years, 49 employees have reported to the dispensaries complaining of allergic dermatitis, diagnosed as having been caused by contact with PCBs."

No one really knew that PCBs were present in the world environment until 1966 when Sweden's Dr. Soren Jensen isolated and identified the compounds that had been baffling researchers working on DDT residues. PCBs were then commonly used in a wide variety of everyday products, such as paints, sealants and caulking compounds. In 1971 Monsanto announced it would restrict sales of PCBs to use in so-called "closed cycle" systems, such as capacitors and transformers. U.S. industry turns out more than 100 million capacitors a year, including those for home air conditioners. When junked, such an item is commonly taken to a dump, where the chance exists that PCBs can leach through the soil to bodies of water. In western New York state several companies have been draining PCBs from old transformers, mixing them with crankcase oil and selling the gunk to municipalities to put on roads as a dust suppressor. There is also a report the PCBs have been spread on airport runways in Maryland to prevent skidding in wet weather.

Beyond such practices, there is the danger that transformers can rupture or leak. According to EPA records available in Chicago, a transformer leak occurred on April 16, 1974 on a railroad train running between Philadelphia and Paoli, Pa. From 10 to 100 pounds of PCBs were spilled. The same type of spillage oc-

curled on July 5 of last year from a transformer leak in Stamford, Conn.

On March 8, 1973, a truck developed a leak in Kingston, Tenn., and 630 gallons of PCBs were spilled. The contaminated soils were recovered in 11,500 drums and sealed in concrete at a cost of \$1.7 million. It was paid by G.E., which was shipping the chemical. Local residents also brought damage suits against G.E. and last October a judge awarded them a total of \$120,000.

The U.S. Department of Defense was involved in a Catch-22 PCB episode with other government agencies in Seattle. On Friday, March 13, 1974 an electrical transformer destined for an Air Force radar station in Shemya, Alaska fell on a pier in Seattle and 265 gallons of PCBs bled into the Duwamish River. Defense refused responsibility; so did the U.S. Coast Guard, which has the primary obligation to clean up oil and other harbor spills. The Coast Guard said PCBs were not among the chemicals it was required to recover. The EPA had to hire divers who brought up 70 to 90 gallons of the compound, and in February of this year the Defense Department finally agreed to pay the cost, \$148,000.

But recovery from the Duwamish spill is far from ended. EPA officials estimate 60 to 80 gallons remain in the riverbed, and Defense has assigned the job to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The Corps is scheduled to begin dredging 30,000 cubic yards of river bottom sometime around the first of the year. Estimated cost of the project is between a quarter and half a million dollars.

Although the U.S. Food and Drug Administration allows up to five parts per million of PCBs in fish, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service regards the presence of a half part per million (.5 ppm) in a fish egg as a sure sign of trouble in a waterway. According to Charles R. Walker, Senior Environmental Scientist with the Service, who delivered two papers in Chicago, trouble spots on the Atlantic Coast range from the Merrimac River in Massachusetts to the St. Johns in Florida. On the Gulf Coast afflicted rivers extend from the Rio Grande east to the Apalachicola in the Florida panhandle. The Mississippi-Missouri system has its hot spots. On the West Coast, the Sacramento, Rogue, Columbia and Snake rivers have problems and they abound in the Great Lakes region and in the St. Lawrence. Last week, Canadian officials an-

nounced they were dropping edible fish tolerance levels from 5 ppm to two ppm and might well close the eel fishery in the St. Lawrence.

Obviously, some rivers are in worse shape than others. Here are some PCB values for fish sampled by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service: carp, Cincinnati, Ohio River, 133 ppm; two channel catfish, Marietta, Ohio, Ohio River, 38-77 ppm; walleye pike, Natrona Heights, Pa., Allegheny River, 35 ppm; white perch, Camden, N.J., Delaware River, 19 ppm; gizzard shad, Elizabethtown, N.C., Cape Fear River, 23 ppm; small-mouth buffalo, Redwood, Miss., Yazoo River, 73 ppm; yellow perch, Lowell, Mass., Merrimac River, 98 ppm; goldfish, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Hudson River, 213 ppm.

The Fish and Wildlife Service does not sample every stream in the country—it extends itself to maintain even the 100 monitoring stations in existence—but research by other agencies reveals other trouble spots. Half the lake trout analyzed from Lake George, N.Y. have more than 5 ppm. And eggs of striped bass taken in 1972 from the Nanticoke and Choptank rivers on the supposedly unspoiled eastern shore of Maryland had PCB levels that ranged from 2.8 to 20 ppm.

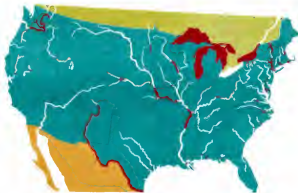
For a number of years the Fish and Wildlife Service also has been monitoring birds. Every starling tested has contained PCBs. Examination of mallard and black duck wings show the Atlantic Flyway has the most severe problems, at least for wa-

terfowl. The mean value for black duck wings is 1.36 ppm, while mallards averaged 1.26 ppm. The values are slightly lower for the Mississippi Flyway, and lower still for the Central and Pacific.

For all the damning data produced in Chicago, some bureaucrats acted in bizarre fashion when their turns came to speak. Walter C. Barber, director of the Standards and Regulations Evaluation Division in the EPA, said, "I don't know what we're going to do." Dr. Albert C. Kolbye, associate director for Sciences, Bureau of Foods, FDA, said, in all seriousness, "We are the straight men in a bad joke." Dr. Kolbye is the FDA official who sets the PCB tolerance levels for human foods.

The weeks ahead doubtless will reveal even more grim news about PCBs. A hearing by the House Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation and the Environment is scheduled to start this month in Washington; and in New York, Ogden Reid continues to push his state hearing.

If there is any measure of comfort in all this, it is that Soviet bureaucrats must be more inefficient than most of ours. Just recently a delegation of Soviet scientists visited one of the finest labs in this country. They were shown everything the lab had on PCBs and left loaded down with papers. Before returning home, they stopped at the Soviet embassy in Washington, where all the papers were taken away from them. **END**



Shown in red are the principal areas where excessive PCB levels have been discovered.



After the burgers, shakes and fries of the NFC West, Chuck Knox wants a Super Bowl feast.



General Manager Klosterman tells it in rhyme.

## FOR REAL IN A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

*Forget the tinselly tradition, the show-biz veneer and the years of almost but not quite. These L.A. Rams are dull, which translates into winners*

by DAN JENKINS

As the Beverly Hills Rams move with in a startlet's eyelash of becoming one of the first National Football League teams to clinch a playoff spot, the need arises to discuss one of their serious old problems, which is mainly that there is always a wise guy around to type up a sentence like this one, calling them the Beverly Hills Rams. ("But you promised they would love us," Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner, will now complain to his general manager, Don Klosterman, and his coach, Chuck Knox.)

The thing of it is, pro football started in a lot of factory towns, not Los An-

geles, and there are millions of people out there who know why the Rams haven't won the championship in 24 years—not since that Sunday when either Norm Van Brocklin or Bob Waterfield threw the touchdown pass to either Tom Fears or Jane Russell, the one that beat Cleveland in 1951. Which must have been the year after Pat O'Brien quit coaching.

People know about the Rams because they know about Southern California, and all of the fabled distractions that can bother a football team: Oceans and beaches and racetracks and mozzarella marinara and boscons, and probably hav-

ing your hip pads done by Giorgio. Having to study script dialogue during timeouts, and getting your pregame pep talks from Jonathan Winters. Worrying that the angry fans in the Coliseum will throw too much caviar at the bench. And just naturally and unavoidably being the hero of so many evenly tanned guys who don't wear socks with their Mediterranean loafers and stand around outside restaurants worrying about missing the kickoff as they remark to their vacant-eyed blondes in \$1,500 rhinestone-denim outfits, "I don't know why it's taking the creep so long to find the car, it's the only purple Mercedes in the parking lot with a white dog in the back seat."

Has the point been made that the image problem of the Rams has been at least partly geographic?

To understand this new era of Ramdom under Carroll Rosenbloom, Don Klosterman and Chuck Knox, and their struggle for a normal, solid, almost quiet kind of excellence, you also have to be reminded of some things having to do with the theatrical past of the Rams.

One must never forget any of the fol-



*1960 Rosenbloom needs a trophy for balance.*



*"The most important thing a quarterback can do," says Harris, "is be on a good team."*

lowing facts, as devilishly selective as they are.

1) The team arrived in L.A. as a winner, having captured the 1945 NFL championship as the Cleveland Rams. Too much was expected.

2) As the Los Angeles Rams, they have lost four of the five championship games they have played in. The Big One slips away.

3) Tom Harmon was once a Ram.

4) Bob Hope was once a Ram part-owner.

5) Pete Rozelle was once a Ram press agent.

6) Pat Summerall was once a Ram assistant coach.

7) Just as there were people who never knew a President other than Franklin D. Roosevelt, there are 14-year-olds today in Los Angeles who have never known a defensive tackle other than Merlin Olsen.

8) A Ram team that once had George Allen for a coach, Roman Gabriel for a quarterback and Jim Nabors for a fan, almost went the distance.

9) Some weird guy who probably hates

private tennis courts traded the Los Angeles Rams to Carroll Rosenbloom in exchange for autumn in Baltimore.

And all of this leaves out some wonderful Ram history. It makes no mention of what a superb fellow Dan Reeves was, of how the Coliseum was truly introduced to pro football by names that appealed to the show-biz hearts of the audience—Deacon Dan, Tank, Crazy-legs, Vitamin T., Jaguar—and it skips gently over all of the broken-field running Jon Arnett did to keep from humping into Bob Waterfield, Sid Gillman, Harland Sware, Bill Wade and the rest of

the cast. What all of this does is illuminate today's Rams as a dizzying paradox.

According to everything that is in their past, today's Rams should be unpredictable, overpraised, unreliable, big-pay conscious, headline-seeking, gaudy, glamorous, shocking, celebrity-haunted and mystery-coached. There is even some recent evidence, and current proof, that they could achieve these character traits if they really tried.

After all, the Rams have in Carroll Rosenbloom an immensely wealthy and charming owner who has, among his minor holdings, the major stock interest in

*continued*

Warner Bros., a man who has been a confidant to Presidents, a legitimate friend of great and un-great entertainers, a sober and likable prince among the more muscular financial wizards.

They have in Don Klosterman the most visible, capable and popular of general managers, who seems to have been born to speak fluent Grambling, to date lovely ladies, to know most of the world's maitre d's and to build football winners for rich guys, inasmuch as he had worked for Barron Hilton, Lamar Hunt and Bud Adams before Rosenbloom. Or, as Klosterman might put it, "Three kids and the heavyweight."

The Rams have an authentic character in Fred Dryer, the defensive end who used to live in a van around Long Beach and who enjoys discussing the recipe for quarterback casserole. At last year's Super Bowl, Freddie also enjoyed dressing up like a 1920s ace reporter, going to Viking press conferences and asking such questions as, "Fran, is the zone defense here to stay, and if not, where is it going?"

When Dryer scored his first touchdown a few weeks ago against the Eagles, he thought crossed his mind as he carried the fumble into the end zone, "Do I spike it, roll six, do the huckle-buck? My God, it's a media problem."

For most of the last two seasons now the Rams have also had in James Harris the only black athlete who ever consistently started as an NFL quarterback. More of that presently.

In terms of the shock value it was worth then—five games deep into last season—these Rams also have something known as "the John Hadl trade" MVP Dumped, Football Stop Stunned.

Toiling all of this up, you might well be tempted to guess that the 1975 Rams are not all that different from the rascals Rams of the past. But that is wrong. Basically, these Rams belong to Chuck Knox, not to Rosenbloom or Klosterman or Billboard or Varian, and they mostly hang around Long Beach, where they practice daily, and not Beverly Hills, and they generally play defense now as well as offense. And they are, compared to everything surrounding them—their history, their sociology, the other teams that are likely to join them in the playoffs—profoundly dull.

That doesn't bother Knox for a minute. He says, "I'll tell you what's dull—losing."

Meanwhile, think of the Rams as the team specializing in the four-yard gain by Lawrence McCutcheon, Jim Bertelsen, Cullen Bryant or John Cappelletti, and the 50-yard incompleteness, intended for Harold Jackson. And then think of the other playoff candidates by comparison.

Minnesota: Still undefeated, Tarkenton breaking records, Chuck Foreman running and catching.

St. Louis: Terry Metcalf doing everything, Hart-to-Grey, no time left.

Washington: Kilmer the Indomitable Charley Taylor. A Rookie of the Year in Mike Thomas. Round up the usual suspects—McDole, Hanburger, Fischer and Ken Houston.

Dallas: Staubach to Drew Pearson and Golden Richards. The genius of Landry in a "transitional" year.

Pittsburgh: Bradshaw, Franco, Mean Joe, Lynn Swann and the dynasty.

Oakland: Stabler, his gifted outfielders, the team that's supposed to be and Al Davis.

Miami: Hanging in there with Shula's mystifying patchwork.

Cincinnati: Paul Brown to Isaac Curtis, and the most underrated mechanic in town, Ken Anderson.

Houston: Pastorini and Billy White Shoes and all those Bum jokes.

Buffalo: O.J.

Baltimore: Bert Jones comes of age.

In rebuttal for the Rams there is much to be said for simply winning football games. Throw out 1972, the first year that the new regime got to L.A. That was the get-to-know-the-community year, the how-far-can-Tommy-Prothro year, the how-far-can-Roman-Gabriel-take-us year.

The good numbers begin with Knox, who may have seemed a surprising choice for head coach (he was an assistant four years with the Jets and six with the Lions), but Rosenbloom had picked Weeb Ewbank and Don Shula and John McCafferty, and they had not turned out so badly. In Knox' first year he went 12-2, and last year 10-4, and now the Rams are 8-2 and more than likely headed for another 12-2 season, 11-3 at the worst. Chuck Knox must do something right.

O.K., so the NFC West is a burger, a shake and some fries for the Rams, and Knox is 13-3 so far against his division rivals, the 49ers, Saints and Falcons. But their outside opponents have not been so shabby—they catch a Minnesota here, a Dallas there—and Knox is 18-7 against them. While, overall, the Rams' schedule

has not been fierce in these three years, Merlin Olsen still likes to point out, "Everybody blocks and tackles and leaves you sore, and everybody has at least one guy you can't catch up with till you get him in the locker room."

It might even be more important to what the Rams are trying to achieve that a soft schedule can work in a sinister way against them, apart from the boredom it may create among the fans. Soft schedules don't help a team develop.

"We're not trying to win a Super Bowl and then quit," Rosenbloom was saying not long ago, "although I keep telling Chuck and Don that I seriously need another trophy for balance."

He was standing in the room of his Bel Air home where the pool table and all the football memories are. The Super Bowl artifact which the Colts won in 1970—and which Rosenbloom and Klosterman spirited away when they left two years later—stood at the end of a table. There was obvious room for another.

Rosenbloom, who has meant so much to all of his players in terms of caring about them and advising them on financial matters, was asked where the trophies were from the Johnny Unitas championships at Baltimore. He looked around the den and finally said, "You know, they didn't give any then."

Back to the purpose of now.

"What we want out here is a team everybody can believe in and rely on," he said. "Always competitive, always up there challenging, sometimes winning it all. An organization like we had at Baltimore, the kind they had at Green Bay. I think we're getting there slowly. We have a lot of fine, solid young football players. We have the draft choices and trading ability to keep growing. You may think we lack some serve at times, but we're a tough, hard-hitting football team, and that's a tribute to Chuck."

Rosenbloom enjoys the occasional joke. "A big step was keeping the design of the new uniforms out of the hands of Klosterman," he said. "He'd have put neon lights on them."

On another day in Bel Air there was tennis going on down the hill, past the pool and the gardens surrounding the antique brick terraces. Klosterman strolled with a cocktail. He frequently speaks in rhyme, and talks into the Super Bowl ring on his hand. "I'll take it on line two," he says to the ring.

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*It's always a pleasure.*



What about replacing Larry Brooks, the best defensive lineman in North America, but lost for the season with torn ligaments and cartilage in the knee?

"Hold your bones, here comes Cody Jones," said Klosterman. "Six-five, two-forty. One of our good young ones."

You like Dennis Harrah?

"Don't! Six-five, two-fifty. Take him in any barroom in the country and get a moment of silence. Hello."

And you're convinced James Harris is doing the job?

"Who's the fairest? Jimmy Harris."

Klosterman then refers you to Chuck Knox.

It is now the night before a home game, of which Knox has thus far lost only two of 20. A family ritual for the Rams is for the squad to move into a hotel on Saturday evening, have their meetings and then sit around in a private dining room, players and brass together, enjoying a beer-and-hamburger buffet. The Rams do it at the Beverly Hilton.

James Harris is saying, "I have the

ability to throw the football and lead the team. I won't be hot every day, but nobody is. How far you can throw doesn't matter, you want to hit the receiver. But Harold Jackson and Ron Jessie can't run as far as I can throw it, if I want to. The most important thing a quarterback can do is be on a good team. This one is."

Harris has quarterbacked the Rams through 21 games now and he has won 16 of them, and a year ago in Minnesota they came within one play of going to the Super Bowl. Maybe Harris didn't see a receiver he should have seen—and maybe his release was still a bit too slow—but a touchdown was denied on a questionable penalty, and the Rams never got the best of the officiating that day. Harris may be all right.

Normally, Knox talks like one of his idols, Bear Bryant. "Aw," Chuck says, "we just go out there and put on that old R-dell and try to get it together."

But to get specific, Chuck Knox says, "We have more balance. More speed, I

think. The pass offense is improved. We have some athletes on defense, and they're playing together. We're disciplined. We work hard. We hit people. You hear that Pittsburgh and the Rams hit the hardest. I like to hear that."

Two weeks ago Rosenbloom never mentioned to anyone that he was going into the hospital for a cardiac bypass, a "Black & Decker," as Klosterman later called it. Rosenbloom seemed far more concerned about Larry Brooks' knee than his own innards. The surgery was termed successful, and apparently the man who has been called the "best owner in sports" is going to be healthier than ever—another edge on his NFL puls.

Think of it. It is now technically impossible for Carroll Rosenbloom to have a heart attack when, coming from behind in a playoff game—or perhaps even the Super Bowl on fourth down James Harris launches a 60-yarder toward Harold Jackson, and where it comes down will decide if it's the Beverly Hills or the Los Angeles Rams.

END

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## COLLEGE BASKETBALL '75-'76

# THE PRIZE IS A VISIT TO PHILLY

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

For the first time since George Washington invented the backdoor play and coached the Continental Army to an upset victory over the Redcoats, the NCAA tournament is returning to the vicinity of Valley Forge. This time there has been a rule change, however: no dunking allowed, either in the Delaware or the Spectrum.

Nineteen seventy-six is the Bicentennial year, and everyone with a game to sell is heading for Philadelphia to ring the Liberty Bell. College basketball will be among the first to arrive; in March it will honor all of those historic leaders who helped make toe sport what it is today. For one thing, how could we ever keep score if Benjamin Franklin had not gone and flown his kite?

As far as coaches are concerned, the Bicentennial is not the only reason for celebration. This is the first season since the Battle of Yorktown that they will not have to contend with John Wooden. But under new Coach Gene Bartow, UCLA remains tough. Just how tough will be determined early. This weekend Indiana and the Bruins, the nation's two best clubs, open the season against each other in St.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM JOHNSON


Louis. It is a dream game, and the dream may reoccur in a much more important setting at the national finals in Philly, though there are plenty of other talented teams who would consider that a nightmare and will try to prevent it.

In years to come, this season may be remembered as the beginning of an era. We have had Phog Allen, Adolph Rupp and Wooden. There is someone out there (the Hoosiers' Bob Knight?) with chalk dust on his hands and a new trap defense on his mind who could be the next dominant coach.

And while you keep an eye out for that new coach, don't forget to look for the arrival of a new balance of power. Both Indiana and UCLA are playing in weakened conferences, and the might has moved South. For example, Vanderbilt has lost only one player from last year's team that won 15 games. Still, the Commodores should finish somewhere in the middle of the Southeastern Conference where Tennessee, Alabama, Auburn, Georgia and Kentucky all will be strong. Vanderbilt can gain solace by winning its third straight NCAA title—in free-throw shooting.

Two seven-footers who definitely will not win the national championship are Robert Parish of Centenary and Tree Rollins of Clemson. Their schools are on probation. Parish is a lifer. Centenary has won 65 and lost 16 since his arrival four years ago, but he might just as well have been playing in the dark. The school is in the fourth year of a six-year sentence for violating a rule that since has been changed. See you in the pros, Robert.

Rollins at least has the help of a memorable name to ease his public visibility problems. The same goes for Carle-



ton (High) Hurdle of Oral Roberts, Napoleon Gaither of Drake, Notre Pate of New Mexico State, Turono Anderson of Detroit, Soup Campbell of Providence and that old favorite, Lafayette Threat of Oklahoma State. The best nickname belongs to Iowa State's Hercle Ivy. You know what it is. This year's rosters also offer a few tongue twisters. Brigham Young has Nedjeldko (Misho) Ostarcovic. If you can pronounce it, you are from Yugoslavia, as he is. And then there is Yasutaka Okayama of the University of Portland. He is a seven-footer from Japan who admittedly is in need of some solid-state tuning. "He's not ready to play," says Pilots Coach Jack Avina, "but he has potential."

Other people who could be future winners are the assistants from some of last

year's successful teams who have moved up to head-coaching jobs. Dick DiBasso, formerly of Notre Dame, is at Stanford. Frank Arnold, last seen at UCLA, is at BYU. And Dave Bliss has gone from Indiana to Oklahoma. After Bliss took the job, his former boss, Knight, told him, "You're 32 and look 27. Next year you'll be 33 and look 45." Unless he wins the Big Eight, DiBasso already has had some bad luck. He suffered a broken nose in a pickup basketball game. For the rest of the year he will have to guard against a broken heart.

There are other ill-starred cases, including that of Anthony Roberts, a forward at Oral Roberts. During a tour of Italy last May, Roberts got off the train at the wrong town and had to walk two miles to catch a bus to the arena. The next night he shattered a backboard with a slam dunk. And there is Southern California Coach Bob Boyd, whose misfortune it has been not only to play in the same league as UCLA, but in the same town. Boyd spent much of last season doubled up in pain from a back ailment. This fall he showed up for the first day of practice on crutches. He had wrenched his ankle playing tennis.

Many people think this season's best freshmen are playing in the NBA (Philadelphia 76er Darryl Dawkins and Atlanta Hawk Poodle Willoughby), but they could be wrong. Some dandy big men decided to matriculate, including Bill Cartwright of the University of San Francisco, David Greenwood of UCLA and Paul Mokeski of Kansas.

They will surely be on their teams' 10-man traveling squads, but the NCAA's new roster-limiting rule will be nettlesome for other players and all coaches until it can be changed, as it probably will be, in January. As things stand now some schools that move games off campus to larger facilities in their home cities will have to put up with the designation of "visitor" and dress only 10 players because they are not playing in their "home" gym.

Another unusual ruling involves Oregon State's muscular 6'8" center, Lonnie Shelton. He is back with his team after signing a pro contract, changing his mind, returning the money and receiving an injunction from a U.S. District Court judge (before whom Shelton presumably pleaded temporary greed) who reversed an NCAA decision that had made Shelton ineligible.

Along with being the Bicentennial, '76 is also an Olympic year, so the NCAA should reserve space at court-side for the KGB scouts next March. After all, the Russians are defending champions. Whether the Soviets retain their title may well depend on how many of the big bell-ringers in Philadelphia decide to take a trip to Montreal before they make one to the bank.

#### IN THIS SPECIAL SECTION

*The season preview continues with photos of the year's finest guards, a profile of the best backcourt non and scaring reports on the top 20 teams and the best of the rest by Barry McDermott, Larry Keith, Hernan Wesskopf, Kent Hanson, Jan Kaplan and Don DeBavanti. In small college and women's basketball, two centers turn out to be pivotal.*

CONTINUED

The only thing  
better than having one good guard is  
having two or—eureka!—three of  
those heady little fellows who can perform more  
tasks than big men dream of.

# THEY CAN DO EVERYTHING

Like run, dribble, shoot, pass, defend and think. On  
the following pages is the cream of a  
bumper bunch of do-it-alls,  
including two dauntless  
duos and one truly terrific trio.

*Ron Lee (30) is a bruiser who barges in where  
fouls are sure to be drawn. Just a soph, Phil Ford  
(12) drives the Tor Heels. Tough Steve  
Grote and JC transfer Ricky Green are the  
Wolverines' new one-two punch.*





*John Ducas is the highest flyer in points (22.3 per game), assists and steals*



*Cats Mike Evans and Charles Williams form a 39-point backcourt*

*Two top guards, Bruce Parkinson and Grant Beckins, are back home in Indiana*



*Forward Grant Beckins and guard Bruce Parkinson are the Cardinals' midcourt offense*



*It may take an ocean of colorful lotion  
to stop 26 3-point man Poole's Ivy*



*Last year Steve Collier was one  
of four fresh who made Cincy sing*



## A MAN FOR TWO SEASONS

Maryland's John Lucas,  
the best and brassiest guard  
in college, is a tennis  
champ in his spare time

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

**T**he guard is the sparkplug. At least that's what all the basketball coaches say, mainly because most of them are ex-guards who would like to be remembered as former sparkplugs. Guards grow up to become coaches and work for a living. Dunkers retire at 37 to play volleyball. The guard runs the team like an operator at a switchboard, doling out the ball on offense and plugging the first line of defense. His other duties include kneeling in the team picture. But the guard does have some advantages; he doesn't have to stoop to give autographs and, best of all, he can talk to the referees on their level, give or take an inch.

Ians relate to the guard, the smart little fellow full of guile. They are in awe of the center . . . such a big fellow—but if the galoot were a few inches shorter he couldn't even make the team. Now the guard, there's an athlete! He hustles, never wears knee pads, makes all his free throws and doesn't do dumb things like goaltending. Just think how good he would be if he were a few inches taller.

John Lucas of the University of Maryland is a sparkplug, the best playing college basketball this year. He is so quick that he has not had to learn to shoot a jump shot; his passes seem to come equipped with handles, his defense is so tenacious, so rife with bedevilment that last year North Carolina State Coach Norm Sloan told a flustered substitute who was attempting to dribble against Lucas to go stand in the corner

of the court "and don't touch the ball." And Lucas is, finally, a senior.

It sometimes seems as if John Lucas has been with us as long as Jerry. Atlantic Coast Conference coaches have prayed and the pros have cajoled, but he has refused to leave Maryland, where he has been a star since way back in 1972. During that time Lucas has accumulated 1,458 points, 250 assists and more national and international honors than Jonas Salk. His trophies and awards fill a room at his parents' home in Durham, N.C. In a way, they are the best indication of how good he is, because he earned them despite the fact that he was overshadowed—but not outplayed—for two seasons on his own team by a pair of giants named Tom McMillen and Len Elmore and for three seasons in his league by the Atomic Bomb, David Thompson. In the 1974 World Games he was named most valuable player, and his coach there, Gene Bartow, now at UCLA, says of Lucas, "If I were an NBA general manager and I had the No. 1 pick in the draft this year, I wouldn't care if there were five seven-footers coming out of college. Lucas would be my pick. He's a winner, a leader and a great person."

Thompson is gone from the ACC now and Lucas at last has the microphone to himself. Loquacious, personable and handsome enough to be voted the league's "Best Body" in a poll of coaches' wives, Lucas has more than star abil-

ity. He has star quality. "I want them to forget about Joe Namath," he says.

With sophomore Brad Davis and seniors Mo Howard and Lucas, Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell has one of the best backcourts in college history. He uses a three-guard offense, and Lu-

cas is its hub, shooting his old-fashioned no-jump one-hander from the outside, penetrating to pass off and leading the fast break. On defense, Driesell often puts Lucas on the opposition's best player, usually a forward much taller than he is, like Notre Dame's Adrian Dantley, although, as he says, "Coach tells me I have the white man's disease. I can't jump. I'm probably a step away from being just another guy on the street, but I think I have the fastest hands of anyone in the country."

To top it all off, Lucas is a man for all seasons—or at least two. He is an accomplished tennis player who won the ACC singles championship as a sophomore and has a 64-25 record in college matches. After basketball season, Lucas saunters onto the tennis court, picks up a racket for the first time in months and starts blasting winners. "Playing part time, he already has accomplished more than any player in Maryland's history," says Doyle Royalt, his tennis coach. Phoenix of World Team Tennis drafted and tried to sign him last year. Arthur Ashe has played several exhibitions with Lucas and gives this assessment of his talents: "He could be good with a few years of work. It might be too late for him to be great, but he could make a good living out of tennis."

The sport offers him a physical advantage, for while Lucas is a "small" basketball player at 6'  $\frac{3}{4}$ ", he is a big man

*Top: backcourtsman Mo Howard (24), Lucas (15) and Brad Davis are so good Coach Lefty Driesell plays them all together*

*continued*

on the tennis court. And it was in tennis that he was the more precocious athlete. A month after picking up a racket in the fifth grade he won a city tournament; a few months later he upset the defending junior champion in a state event. Not long after that, the 12-year-old Lucas won the Southeastern Junior tennis tournament's 14-and-under and 16-and-under singles titles and finished second in the 18-and-under. At 14 he entered Durham's City-County tournament and won seven events. His opponent in the men's singles finals, a former college player, approached Lucas' father the day before the match and counseled him to prepare his son for a dismal defeat. The man said he hated to take advantage of a small boy, but he planned to go all out since "it means so much to me." Lucas blew him off the court, and the chagrined tournament committee subsequently limited the number of events a player could enter.

In high school Lucas won 92 straight matches, losing only one set in the process. He was the state schoolboy champion every year, and in the summer of 1971, following his junior year, he was named to the seven-man U.S. Junior Davis Cup team. He believes he can be as good a tennis player as anyone, as much because of his unyielding psyche as his athletic gifts. "Look, tennis is a game played mostly by white rich kids," he says. "When they lose, they shrug and walk away. When I lose, I die."

But basketball remains Lucas' first love. He entered Maryland as a member of the first wave of freshmen eligible, under a new NCAA ruling, to play varsity sports. Buck then few people thought that freshmen could crack a college lineup, much less a professional one. Lucas made nine of 10 shots in his first game and was a distinguished starter all year for a team ranked among the nation's top five. More than anyone else, he started pro scouts wondering if the prime cuts really needed the seasoning of college. Last year Moses Malone became the first beneficiary of the change in thinking initiated by Lucas' freshman performance. That turned out to be slightly ironic. Malone made a brief appearance on the Maryland campus before he signed a pro contract with the Utah Stars. While Moses was deciding whether to take a million dollars or trigonometry, Lucas called a team meeting. Under his guidance, the players agreed to donate their

\$15-a-month laundry money to a Save Moses Fund. "Look," Lucas said to Malone, "we'll give you the money each month and you can lend us to the Promised Land." At those prices, Malone was a reluctant savior. "I'm out of here," he told Lucas.

Without Moses, Maryland still won the Atlantic Coast Conference regular-season championship before losing to Louisville in the NCAA Midwest Regionals. Now Lucas is back for one more try at the NCAA title, even though he has been on the merry-go-round so long that he must be getting dizzy. "I tell Brad Davis, you got to be 15½ to 20½ better the next year just to be the same, because everybody is going to be gunning for you," he says. "It's easy to say. 'I don't have to play as hard because I know what I'm doing now.' You'll be good. But it depends on what you want to be, good or great."

There is no question which Lucas wants to be. He presides over endless pickup games in the Maryland gym during the off-season, playing with the likes of former Maryland stars Elmore and Owen Brown, Mike Riordan and Kevin Grevey of the Washington Bullets and miscellaneous local college athletes in games so good they attract audiences of 50 or so. But this is Lucas' court and Lucas' show, and he all but preents as he plays. He won one game with an amazing shot from the corner, falling over backward after he was fouled. He quickly leaped up, hurried to a friend in the stands and said in a delighted whisper, "I told you I'm the best from East to West." Said Elmore a couple of minutes later, "In two years he'll be the first or second-best guard in the pros." Told of Elmore's assessment, Lucas feigned surprise: "Two years. That long?"

The college coaches whose teams have played against Lucas must be asking themselves the same question. Considering the tense games that the Wolfpack and the Terps have been involved in during the past three seasons, perhaps N.C. State's Sloan says Lucas the highest compliment: "I can never remember him having a bad game against us." Sloan says, "But I never realized how complete he is, what kind of defensive ability he has, until I saw him guarding David Thompson last season."

It is a basketball axiom that a guard with the ability and audacity to take on a forward like Thompson has to come

from someplace where no one would choose to live. But Lucas was raised in a pleasant middle-class section of Durham, where the loudest noise was the slamming of a screen door. His father, John Sr., is the principal of nearby Hillside High School, which has more than 1,450 students. He was Durham's Father of the Year in 1972. His mother Blondella is assistant principal at Shepard Junior High School. She was the city's Mother of the Year in 1975. "All the stories about blacks are the same," says Lucas. "They all come from the ghetto. They all grew up with roaches and rats and pimps and pushers. All blacks aren't like that, and my family background is not like that. I had to be home when the streetlights came on. The first time I didn't, I got whipped."

Lucas' closely knit family and jet travel aided Driesell in his successful campaign to divert John from any of the four ACC colleges within 75 miles of his doorstep. Lucas' older sister Cheryl worked there, as she does now, in the Washington area. His decision to attend Maryland allows her to watch every one of his home games, where she is easily identified as the girl surrounded by people who wish they were wearing earmuffs. The family had decided that Lucas would go to school within an hour's plane ride of Durham, and on his first trip to the Maryland campus John carefully timed the flight and reported back that it took only 48 minutes. "Lefty was the first coach who made John smile," the elder Lucas recalls. "They joked about both being left-handed." And while Driesell was busy making Lucas laugh, he did not forget to make a firm impression on the important adults in the boy's life. "Other coaches shook your hand like it was the thing to do," says Lucas' high school coach, Carl Easterling. "When Lefty shakes your hand you can feel it right up to your shoulder."

Driesell and Lucas maintain a respectful relationship, even though the coach has a perturbing habit of pulling John over to the sidelines to bowl him out for mistakes. "He doesn't get on the other players, just me," says Lucas. "But he knows I can take it. It just makes me try harder. And I still respect him because he never quits working. He'll see you in the hall and call you into his office to talk about a new play. He never quits, and he makes me so I'll never quit." Says a former Maryland player, "John has a

lot of Lefty in him—the charisma and the high energy level. They're a lot alike."

About the only disagreement between the two that anyone can remember occurred at practice one day when Driesell told Lucas to call "Gather" to signify a certain play. "Gather," said Lucas in a mocking, high-pitched voice. "Lucas," yelled Driesell, "gather yourself right out of this gym." As Lucas walked off, Owen Brown muttered repeatedly, "He kicked out the star."

In Maryland's opening game last year Lucas suffered a cracked collarbone, which forced him to miss five games. It was his first injury, and it figured in his decision to finish school with something besides his old uniform and a pro contract. "I learned that I am not invincible. It taught me that life isn't only bouncing a basketball," says Lucas, who is majoring in business administration and should complete the requirements for his degree about the time he ends his college tennis career.

The decision greatly pleased his parents. John Sr. is a small, animated man who gives off energy like a crackling fire. He has been working in schools for 36 years—25 of them as a principal—and is a former president of the North Carolina Association of Educators. As an academician, he could make a lot of all-star teams. And like many people in Durham, he is an unabashedly proud fan of his son. He wears a ring from John Jr.'s high school class and is the unofficial curator of the trophy museum located in the Lucas dining room. Recently John Sr. was showing a visitor around the city, introducing him to the man who tacked up John's first basketball goal on the garage in back of the Lucas' house, to the Hillside High football coach who, because of fear of injury, prudently refused John a place on the team even though he was the school's best passer, and to other former teachers and coaches. Among them was Eugene Tolbert, the principal of Fayetteville Elementary School. When he was asked about the younger Lucas, Tolbert jumped from behind his desk, spread his arms in evangelical fashion and gave out a litany of compliments. The father looked on with a wide smile.

The person outside the Lucas home

who had the most influence on young John was Easterling, his tennis and basketball coach in high school and his informal coach for many years before that. It was Easterling who first put a tennis racket in Lucas' hand and first explained to him the nuances of the layup. The day that John graduated from Hillside, Easterling retired from coaching. Now 68 years old, he runs a small restaurant, and his dark face beams when he talks of his protégé.

Easterling enjoys telling many of the countless stories about Lucas that circulate in Durham. John did things like wan-

der over to a nearby firehouse one rainy afternoon, play his first game of Ping-Pong and then enter and win the state tournament. "Oh, yes, I was a smart coach," Easterling says. "Of course, all I did was tell John to take charge. Once we were down 12 points in the second quarter against our big rival, Raleigh Broughton. John comes by the bench and says, 'Coach, I think I'll shoot a little bit.' I said, 'Somebody better, because we're gettin' run out of this place.' Well, John made his next six shots and we wound up winning."

Confidence that sometimes borders on  
*overconfidence*



Lucas concentrates on basketball, but he has been the ACC's best on another court.



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## Kodak Ektasound movie cameras and projectors.

arrogance is an important part of Lucas' game. Away from the court, he has told teammate Steve Sheppard, "You'll be remembered as the second-best ever to go to school here. Guess who'll be first?" On the playing floor, he knows the limit to which he can flout his opponent, pushing it just enough to leave his man flustered but not enough to provoke a fight. "Basketball is an ego game," says Lucas. "You're trying to beat your man, to embarrass him, to see how bad you can make him look." North Carolina's star guard Phil Ford played against Lucas in high school. Lucas was a heavily publicized senior, Ford a sophomore whose reputation was still to be made. The younger man outplayed Lucas during the first quarter. "C'mon All-America, you can't play," taunted Ford. "Young man, I'll teach you the game of basketball," replied Lucas. He went on to score 57 points in that game and later that year broke Pete Maravich's state high school scoring record.

In three preseason scrimmages last year Lucas averaged 50 points. Brad Davis was a freshman and already so good that it would not be long into the season before he would force Driesell to install the unconventional three-guard lineup. Lucas did not want Davis to have any doubts about who was Maryland's star. Soon, perplexed because Davis was stumbling around in a daze after Lucas' third scoring outburst and afraid that John would forget about the assist column, Driesell told Lucas to turn off the bubble machine. "If you let me go," said John, almost straight-faced, "we'll win a national championship."

This year Lucas has stepped up his Spartan training. He used to badger his father for the keys to the high school gym and practice there until late at night. Now his dorm neighbors complain that he bounces a basketball in his room at odd hours, and he is up at seven each morning to lift weights. Other times he dreams. There is a framed picture of the Knicks' Walt Frazier sitting on a bureau in his room. Frequently he stands in front of it and, shifting his shoulders back and forth like a man dribbling a basketball, says, "I'm coming, Clyde. There's gonna be 19,000 in the Garden, and you're gonna try to steal it from me. I'll take it behind my back and hit the one-hander on you. Whoosh. I'm coming, Clyde. Get ready."

Thank goodness he's not a few inches taller.

CONTINUED

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# THE TOP 20



THE HOOSIERS' SCOTT MAY



## INDIANA

Indiana practices are more closely guarded than a Howard Hughes hideaway. Players work out behind a shroud of black curtains, and few visitors are permitted to pass through them, not even \$1,000 contributors to the Hoosier Hundred Club. The reason stems from the charity in Coach Bob Knight's heart: a stray opponent stumbling onto the scene might lapse into terminal depression at the sight of how good Indiana looks.

Behind their security blanket, the Hoosiers have been assembling an all-round game that may surpass last season's rugged combination of offense and defense. They have been pressing like the best

UCLA teams, setting up screens and picks like the Chicago Bulls and, all the while, calling out switches with voices that echo off the pre-stressed concrete walls of Assembly Hall. Even Knight admits, "There's great senior leadership. These players are aware of how hard they should be working as any I've had."

Obviously there have been no ill effects from last year, when Indiana swept to a 31-0 record before suffering a 92-50 loss to Kentucky in the NCAA Midwest Regional. The fact that forward Scott May, who had suffered a broken arm seven games earlier, was rushed back for the Kentucky game and played poorly while wearing a cast, could have inspired morbid second-guessing, it hasn't.

Indeed, unless there are more freakish injuries this season, Indiana will be almost impossible to stop. Steve Green, an extraordinary 5'8" shooter, and dependable sixth man John Laskowski have graduated. They will be missed, but not mourned. Tom

Abernethy, the 6'7" forward who will replace Green, should better his predecessor's four-rebound average and will turn over the ball less often. The new sixth man will be 6'3" Wayne Radford, a clutch performer who can play either guard or forward.

The four returning starters—Guards Quinn Buckner (6'3") and Bob Wilkerson (6'7"), May (6'7") and Center Kent Benson (6'11")—are all probable first-round pro draft choices. Buckner has come on strong as a floor leader since giving up football last season. May averaged 51% from the floor and 16.3 points a game. Benson was known for alternating subpar games with outstanding ones (he had 33 points and 23 rebounds against Kentucky), but he should be more consistent this year. Off-season work with isokinetic machinery in-

creased Benson's vertical jump from 22 inches to 26, and that is likely to lead to improvement in his 8.9 rebound average. But the biggest improver over the summer was Wilkerson, who gained an inch in height, strengthened his upper torso and may have become the most intimidating defensive guard in college.

"Indiana has the best team with the best players and the best coach," says Marquette Coach Al McGuire. After last season, Knight is understandably cautious. "You'll talk to me in March," he told Dan Barreiro of the *Indianapolis Daily Star*, "and I probably still won't be pleased with certain things." One of his displeasures is not apt to be the absence of an NCAA title.



## UCLA

This is a UCLA team with a new coach, a modified philosophy and an ominous secret.

The coach, Gene Bartow, affects a scholarly, fatherly attitude to match John Wooden's, but he is contemporary. After all, he has brought the two-inch sideburn to the UCLA bench.

As for the philosophy, Bartow is going modern and allowing a bit of dat of dribble one-on-one out on the floor. "We're not going to go hully-gully, but there will be a little freedom," he says.

With Bartow loosening the reins, the rest of the country—with the possible exception of the state of Indiana—can start humming. "Hoofbeats keep falling on my head," because the Bruins have the horses from top to bottom. The bench is so deep that several potential stars are drowning in obscurity at the far end of it. Only five players can be on the floor at once, and after Richard Washington, Andre McCarter and Marques Johnson (called Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt by Bartow), the talent levels off to just below world class.

For years UCLA has been running an underground railroad called the ABA-NBA Transcontinental Line. This season four good freshmen have signed on board. The biggest is 6'10" David Greenwood, who would not even need a slingshot against Goliath. Greenwood does things like dribbling behind his back, shooting fadeaway jumpers from the ozone and snagging his knee pads on the



rims. Still, he is probably not good enough to start, and neither are the other frosh, Guards Roy Hamilton and Brad Holland and Forward Chris Lippert. UCLA has that kind of team.

Only the Big Three—Washington, McCarter and Johnson—are assured starting jobs. Forward Washington's outside shooting is improved, which will take some inside pressure off 7'1½" Ralph Drollinger, the most likely regular at center. Introspective Guard McCarter seems ready to blossom. He spent the summer honing his jump shot and lifting weights. Forward Johnson again looks like Pop-eye after fully recovering from last year's bout with hepatitis.

Diminutive Jim Spillane started the first four games at guard in 1974-75 before McCarter moved into the lineup for good. Now Spillane should play alongside McCarter, although the two freshmen and sophomore Raymond Townsend will press him.

The worst news for this year's opponents is that the Bruins feel they have something to prove—*that they can win without Xs and Os* chalked by the Wizard. "Coach Wooden was the master," says McCarter. "He proved his greatness. Now we have to prove ours."

Oh, yes, the secret. UCLA has only two seniors, and unless somebody jumps off the train at Hardship Junction, the Bruins should be even better next year.



## MARQUETTE

The number 10 suggests power and authority: Ten Commandments, 10 tons, ten-shaw. Marquette is bullish on 10s. Ten-strong in players for a change, the Warriors are almost certain to go to a postseason tournament for the 10th straight year. Should they qualify for the NCAAAs, then 10 could really become Marquette's lucky number. After nine seasons of routine success, the Warriors now have the talent to do the extraordinary—win a national title.

Even Al McGuire, the middle-aging James Dean who is in his 12th year as the Marquette coach, is optimistic—in his fashion. "The petty jealousies and dissension haven't started yet," he says. "Maybe the agents will give us until January."

The Warriors, 23-4 last season, were

eliminated in the NCAA regionals by Kentucky's big men. Now Marquette will be better—much better, it appears—than any team on its schedule except Notre Dame. There are four tall reasons: 6'8" Bernard Toone, 6'6" Ulice Payne, seven-foot Craig Butrym and 6'10" Jerome Whitehead.

Freshman Toone was an All-America center at Gorton High in Yonkers, N.Y., where he averaged 32 points, 20 rebounds, six blocked shots and five assists a game. The switch to forward has been driving him loony, but McGuire expects him to come around. Junior Butrym, alias Stretch, Cloud-Percer and the Great White Hope, is starting to play like the first 7-footer in Marquette history should Payne, a deft, intelligent



THE VOL'S' BERNARD KING

transfer from Ohio University, is so dedicated that he runs around the court twice even before playing tennis. But the best bet to crack the starting lineup is Whitehead, the only freshman to make the All-California junior college team last year. He is, McGuire admits, a "keeper."

The four other positions belong to returning starters—Butch Lee, who played well in a Puerto Rican league this summer; Lloyd Walton, who set a school assists record last year with 159; 6'9" Bo Ellis, the team's leading scorer (16.3 points a game) and rebounder (10.5); and 6'6" Earl Tatum, a forward-guard whose excellent outside shot—a Marquette rarity—is the key to the Warriors' balanced attack.

McGuire is known for keeping his squad happy. He never demotes a starter, even if he appears for just the opening tap. As for the subs, McGuire says, "We have three sixth men. I mean, you've got to replace a guard, a forward and a center, right? This way the ninth man is the seventh man and everybody's happy." To extend McGuire's logic, there are two seventh men, six-foot Gary Rosenberger and muscular 6'5" Bill Neary. That, somehow, adds up to 10.

And that doesn't count the bearded Boswell (Sports Information Director Kevin Byrne) McGuire has added to his retinue this year. Byrne keeps busy by recording the Quotations of Chairman Al. The one to remember is "seashells and balloons." It means everything is cool. In this year of 10s, Marquette could be seashells and balloons all the way to the end of March.



## TENNESSEE

While Alabama, Kentucky and Vanderbilt were fighting it out for the SEC title the past two seasons, Tennessee quietly was developing into a monster. No longer the tight-fisted band that led the nation in defense from 1963 through 1973, the Vols have been transformed into a scoring machine by a pair of New York City players named Bernard King and Ernie Grunfeld who combined for 71 points in one game last winter. Together, the gentlemanly King and the rugged Grunfeld make Tennessee an excellent and explosive club.

Like a football team playing without

*continued*

a huddle, the Vols put points on the board by racing the ball back up the floor whether or not the opposition has scored. Grunfeld will take any shot he can get before the defense is able to set up, the rest of the time, the ball usually will go inside to the 6'7" King. From there, it generally goes through the hoop.

As a freshman last season, King led the nation in shooting (.622), finished 11th in scoring (26.4) and 20th in rebounding (12.3). NCAA statisticians have discovered that only a handful of players King's size ever enjoyed a comparable season.

Grunfeld had to work hard to score his 34 points a game, but this year Tennessee's opponents know all about King and will have to key on him. That should spread out the defenses and make Grunfeld's mad rushes to the bucket easier.

In Coach Ray Mears' scheme of things, King plays the high post and Grunfeld the left wing. Senior Doug Ashworth did a creditable job at the low post last year, but another New York recruit, 6'9", 225-pound freshman Irv Chatman, is being counted on to take over at that spot by midseason. Chatman wears 40-inch sleeves and has a 9½-foot arm span. The starting job at right wing also is being contested, and that is hard to believe because last season junior Mike Jackson shot 51%. But his rival, Terry Crosby, is no ordinary freshman. Crosby, 6'4" and 205 pounds, works the ball back and forth between his legs while he tries to decide which of his many moves to use. The little man being asked to run the show is 5'10" freshman Johnny Darden who, surprise, is a native Tennessean.

Their 103-98 victory over Kentucky last year was the kind of performance the Vols are capable of delivering regularly now. King had 20 rebounds to go with 24 points, Grunfeld scored 29, Jackson poured in 24 and Ashworth added 12 points and nine rebounds. Tennessee should be a Big Orange Menace.



## MARYLAND

So which team has a secret service offense, employs the coach with the highest rankings in college basketball and knows the answer to that age-old question: What is a terrapin? If you answered the University of Maryland, proceed di-

rectly to Largo, Md., if you can find it and wait for the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament to arrive.

This is a team with more good guards than President Ford. Coach Lefty Driesell usually starts three of them: seniors John Lucas and Mo Howard and sophomore Brad Davis, a pavior so accurate he could toss a basketball into a milk bottle.

In case you haven't noticed, Driesell's club finally has arrived in the UCLA of the East, a phrase that now has been translated into 17 languages. Lefty has had more teams (seven) ranked in the Top 10 than any active coach.

This year he should get No. 8, and in honor of that the Terrapins should hold a contest for a new nickname, because they are anything but turtles. With its three-guard offense, Maryland runs a layup drill the entire game. That is a major reason the Terps set an NCAA shooting percentage record last season when they hit .547 from the floor. Most teams' best shooter does not do that well. Lucas (.549), Howard (.565) and Davis (.580) all beat the team mark. Lucas was Maryland's leading scorer at 19.5 points per game, followed by Steve Sheppard (14.3), even though the muscular 6'6" forward started only about half of the time. Another returnee is 6'9" sophomore Chris Patton, who is recovering from a fractured wrist.

And there are a bunch of new faces, including Larry Gibson, a 6'10" freshman with a reputation for toughness, James Tallman, a District of Columbia product who is an extraordinary jumper, and Larry Boston, a 6'8" junior college transfer.

The Terps lost a lot of rebounding with the graduation of Tom Roy and Owen Brown, who were the main reasons Maryland was able to play three shorties at the same time. But Driesell is not overly concerned. In his 15-year coaching career, he never has had a team outrebounded over a season.

Last year the Terps were 24-5 and won the ACC regular-season championship, accomplishments they should repeat with four-year-starter Lucas settled in as the team leader. They will have ample time to work in the new recruits at a leisurely pace; Maryland plays none of its first 10 games at home, most of them against opponents whose team symbols should be lilies. Then the Terps move into ACC



USF'S BILL CARTWRIGHT

play with an eye on the conference tournament, an event Maryland always seems to find a way to lose. This year, happily, it will be held for the first time at nearby Largo. To find it, go to College Park and ask someone.



## SAN FRANCISCO

Enthusiasm is when one of your former stars (Warrior Phil Smith) practices with his pro team all day, then comes by to watch his old college club work out.

Enthusiasm is when you increase your season-ticket sales by 600% and people are scalping seats in October.

Enthusiasm is when a faculty member mistakenly overpays for his season ticket, then says, "Keep the \$55. That'll buy a couple of lunches for Cartwright."

Enthusiasm is when people say you can win the national championship.

That is the mood at the University of San Francisco. The Dons took the 1955 and 1956 NCAA titles, winning 60 straight games along the way, and USF fans are already talking about a replay.

Well, they don't have Bill Russell this time, but some think USF had a better recruiting year than the all-volunteer Army. At the top of the list is seven-footer Bill Cartwright, and his arrival attracted a squad of other top enlistees, including freshmen Winford Boynes and 6'8" James Hardy and junior college transfers Sam Williams and Allen Thompson. The Dons also have the top four players from the team that last season had a 19-7 record and finished second in the West Coast Athletic Conference. No wonder there is enthusiasm.

Cartwright ran up his 67½ field-goal mark in high school against inferior opposition, but he has the talent to adjust quickly to the college game. He will be glad to see the season start, since the quality of competition should drop off. At practice his teammates batter him around, and the first two times he tried an unfamiliar hook shot Hardy caught the ball in midair. Cartwright is a nice little guy who happens to be inside a giant body. When he learns to shove as well as he shoots, the Dons will be mighty tough.

Hardy, whom Coach Bob Gaillard calls "Trouble" (as in trouble for other teams), will play the low post, freeing Cartwright to pop jumpers from the high position. Boynes, who has been brilliant in drills, will shine on the wing.

The backcourt could be a problem. Gaillard is considering moving 6'5" Marlon Redmond there despite the fact that he was an All-WCAC selection at forward last season. The other backcourt candidates are Thompson, Sam Williams, two-year starter Russ Coleman and Rod Williams, the team's best outside shooter and the man who will be called on to break the zone defenses the tall Dons are sure to see.

This is the 35-year-old Gaillard's sixth season at USF, where he has won three league championships. He applies his training rules with an even hand; if he is late for practice, he has to do penance by running up and down the gym stairs. A couple of times players have moved up the clock on him, so he arrives early now. And what coach wouldn't get there ahead of time just to watch the sort of team he is assembling.



## NOTRE DAME

More than any other team, Notre Dame has relied on freshmen to step in immediately. Two years ago Adrian Dantley and Bill Paterno were barely out of high school when they became key players on a 26-3 team. Last season freshmen Guards Jeff Carpenter and Donald (Duck) Williams and Forward David Burton helped the Irish to an unexpectedly good 19-10 record and a spot in the national championship tournament. Now three more freshmen, 6'2" Guard Bernard Rencher, 6'8" Forward Bruce Flowers and 6'11" Center Bill Laimbeer, are being counted on to play important roles in another drive toward the top of the rankings.

Rencher, who comes from New York City, is an excellent shot. Flowers is an exceptionally agile player from suburban Detroit who spurned offers from Indiana and Michigan. Californian Laimbeer is big, and that is almost enough. "The thing UCLA and some other teams have had over us is the dominant big man," says Notre Dame Assistant Coach Frank McLaughlin. "Laimbeer could change that by the end of this season."

"Like most freshmen, these kids have to learn defense," says Coach Digger Phelps, "but they'll help us in other ways. We're going to be very physical—I think rebounding is the key to a successful season. We'll also be using all 10 men. People ask me who will start, but that's not important. Some nights a guy will play 12 minutes, other nights 38."

The most likely 38-minute players are 6'6" Paterno, who is trying to move from forward to guard, and 6'5" Dantley, who was second in the nation to David Thompson last year with a 30.4-point scoring average. It is likely that Dantley will have to restrict his shooting somewhat now that he is playing on a well-balanced team. "Maybe not," he counters. "They won't be able to stop me with a box-and-one, because we'll have more good players on the floor. But I'll do what Coach Phelps wants. I'm very sensitive. When I was a freshman, people said I had too much baby fat. I overreacted to that and worked myself so hard that I suffered from dehydration. Now they're saying, 'What do you have left to prove?' Well, I want to

prove that I'm a complete player."

Two other juniors, 6'8" center Toby Knight and Guard Ray Martin, and Burton, a 6'9" forward-center who helped turn the Irish around after a 7-6 start last season, will see considerable playing time.

For all Notre Dame's improvement, it will be difficult to surpass the 19 wins of a season ago. The problem, as usual, is the schedule. The Irish play three of last year's top five teams, including UCLA twice. "I'll settle for 18 or 19 wins—whatever it takes to get us a tournament bid," says Phelps. Then, and only then, do the Irish hope to improve on last season, which ended with a loss to Maryland in the regionals. If Notre Dame receives its usual quota of help from the freshmen, it could go much further than that.



## NORTH CAROLINA

Hardly anything seems to change at North Carolina. The Tar Heels still play their Chinese checkers attack, forcing the ball in from 10 feet to eight feet to six feet to get a better shot. They still seem to pull out most of their wins in the last 10 seconds, when Coach Dean Smith interrupts his four-corners delay offense long enough to call his last three time-outs. And they still drive the rest of the ACC crazy with their assured attitude that basketball is meant to be played this way.

But, surprisingly, there are a few new things at Chapel Hill this year. For once nobody on the Carolina staff hears much from the players except at practice. This was hardly characteristic of some of the busy BMOCs who have played for Smith in the past. Steve Previs, for example, did color commentary on the Carolina baseball network. George Karl used to live in the publicity office, checking his stats and snooping for pictures. And the off-court antics of All-Americans Larry Miller and Billy Cunningham are legendary. By comparison, the current UNC starters—6'10" Center Mitch Kupchak, Forwards Walter Davis and Tom LaGarde and Guards John Kuester and Phil Ford—have a low profile.

"They're so happy playing ball they do whatever I ask," Smith says. "I used to think you needed a problem occasion-

continued

ally to keep things interesting, but here's what you run into with this bunch. The other day my seniors came in and told me that some guys were taking two glasses of water at dinner instead of one."

In their defense, it must be said that this year's seniors are not wholly stick-in-the-muds. They like a glass of ale now and then, and they did vote to push back the team curfew from 10:30 to midnight. But the team's favorite topic is the intramural softball championship it won last spring, with LaGarde providing a rare sight as a 6'10" catcher.

On the basketball floor Carolina won 23 of 31 games last season and narrowly lost in the NCAA regionals. There is no outstanding freshman waiting in the wings, as Ford was a year ago, but Kuester handles the ball well and is the only regular who did not start last season.

The Tar Heels' record was news of sorts, since it included Smith's lowest winning percentage since 1970. He was named U.S. Olympic coach in March, but remains a mysterious figure. Few people are close to him. Smith refuses to accept junior college transfers, tells terrific Al McGuire stories and hustles from Carmichael Auditorium to his new country pad in a gaudy 1976 Cadillac.

Both Kupchak and LaGarde had planned to go to Notre Dame, but ended up at North Carolina because of Smith. "You can't buddy up to him," says Kupchak, "but I think he's the best coach in America."

And there's nothing new about that sentiment in North Carolina.



## CINCINNATI

And now for the latest Cincinnati success story, here are the national champion Bearcats, with Paul Hogue, Tom Thacker, Ron Bonham. . . Whoops, sorry, this season's University of Cincinnati team just seems like the championship squads of 1960 and 1961. Good size, no dominant player, a record of beating favored opponents. Which is not to say the current Bearcats lack things distinctly their own. Where else can you find a team of veteran sophomores and a recruiter from big-league baseball?

Last year Cincinnati could have been called the Four Freshmen. No sooner had Steve Collier, Pat Cummings, Mike

Jones and Bob Miller peddled off their high-school letter sweaters than they were starting. And excelling. The Bearcats, 23-6, won 16 straight and defeated Marquette and Notre Dame on the road. Collier, a 6'4" guard, was the leading scorer with a 13.8 average and was elected the team's most valuable player, a feat Oscar Robertson first accomplished in his junior year at Cincy. And Collier can play so many roles other than scorer that he may be recruited next by David Merrick. Cummings, 6'9", is a 58% shooter with excellent range; Jones, 6'6", averaged 21 points against Marquette, Louisville and Houston; and Miller, 6'11", has a 42-inch vertical jump.

Center Mike Franklin was the only significant graduation loss. With the addition of 6'5" Brian Williams and a top-flight junior college transfer, 6'4" Gary Yoder, Cincinnati should improve its record despite a tougher schedule.

Coach Gale Catlett's major concern is his team's tendency to lapse into helter-skelter defense. Having coached under Ted Owens, Lefty Driesell and Adolph Rupp, roomed with Red Thorn and teamed with Jerry West, Catlett, 59-23 after three seasons, understandably has high standards. "The No. 1 thing is getting the good players," he says. "Our alumni have been great, and one of our best recruiters has been Pete Rose. He listens to every game on the radio."

"If they want me to speak to a kid, I will," says Rose. "I do it for the football coach, too. I didn't go to the university, but this is my city."

Rose has helped Cincinnati pull in a bundle of high school All-Americans. "We had five last year," says Jones, "and that was our big problem early in the season. It's not a question of having no differences—you always do. You have to learn to get along with each other despite them." A 17-game trip to Australia this summer helped the Bearcats do just that. Uniting in the face of haphazard scheduling and officiating, they were unbeaten Down Under.

Catlett came home from Australia with a working definition of bearcat. "I wanted to call us the Fighting Bearcats," he says. "When I got to Australia, I conducted a survey and found that the bearcat is a lazy animal that sleeps all day. It was a great disappointment."

It is unlikely that he'll be disappointed in the Cincinnati breed of cat.



## ALABAMA

Maybe in the old days summer was the time when a basketball player went home to eat mama's cooking and take his high school sweetheart to the drive-in. But now the sport is a year-round affair. Consider Alabama's 6'9" Center Leon Douglas, a member of the U.S. International Cup and Pan-Am teams this past off-season. At one point he played ball on 42 consecutive days.

Douglas was used often at forward while on tour, and that sharpened his already fine shooting eye. The traveling shaved 20 pounds from his frame, and that has made him a good deal quicker. All of which is very welcome news for 'Bama fans, because Douglas must have an especially good senior year if the Crimson Tide is finally to break the pattern of near-misses that has marred its recent seasons.

Alabama has won 22 games in each of Douglas' previous three years, and Douglas has averaged 16 points and 11.2 rebounds. But the team has had little to show for these efforts. 'Bama is yet to win an SEC championship outright and suffered a 97-94 defeat by Arizona State in the NCAA tournament last year.

Mention any of this to Coach C. M. Newton and he will rekindle the fire in his pipe and cry shucks-by-dern, dad-blazes or golly-gee in rebuttal. How can you fault a team, he asks, that put together a 22-5 record in '74-'75? The answer, as in the previous two seasons, is that Alabama could scarcely have picked worse games for its conference losses. Against Vanderbilt in 1974 and Kentucky in 1973 and 1975—the two teams that have won or shared SEC titles during that period—Alabama was 0-6.

Newton hopes a transfusion of new blood will provide a cure. He had a banner recruiting year: 6'6", 225-pound Forward Reginald King had 26 points and 29 rebounds and was named MVP in the state high school all-star game; Tommy Bonds scored 31 points in the same game and should provide a strong back-up for junior Guard T. R. Dunn and sophomore Anthony Murray, who will hound the opponents' best shooter from the other backcourt spot. Newton is still trying to bring out the competitor lurking inside under-

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nably talented 6'8" Forward Ricky Brown, but hot-shooting 6'7" freshman Keith McCord is already raring to go.

As usual, the schedule will play a major role in deciding the SEC race. Tennessee and Georgia visit Tuscaloosa on the next-to-last weekend of the season; then the Crimson Tide finishes up on the road with Kentucky and Vanderbilt.

"It won't be easy," says Newton, getting really fired up. By dern, he's right.



## ARIZONA

It will be more than four months before college basketball's national champion for this season is known, but Arizona Coach Fred Snowden is absolutely cer-

tain right now who it would have been.

Three years ago Snowden came to Tucson with his celebrated "Kiddie Korps," a starting lineup composed of five freshmen. They would be seniors this year. Two of them, Eric Money (Detroit Pistons) and Coniel Norman (Philadelphia 76ers), are in their second seasons in the NBA. John Irving transferred to Hofstra where he was the country's leading rebounder last season and Jim Rappas, who remains at Arizona, is recovering from yet another in a series of injuries. The fifth member of the group, Al Fleming, is still on hand and very healthy.

Partly because of Fleming, no one should feel too sorry for Snowden. An optimum optimist, he thinks the Wildcats still could take the national title, although they first must concentrate on winning the Western Athletic Conference. For two consecutive years Snowden's team has been the conference favorite, but Arizona has yet to win the championship.

Snowden spent a restless summer wondering if the players who rolled up a 22-7 record last year would return. "I expected the worst," he says, "but they told me they were interested in completing school and they all came back."

He will have to wait a bit longer for Rappas. This fall the 6'2" guard seemed recovered from his long string of mishaps, then last month doctors discovered a ruptured spinal disc and Rappas was operated on again. Three weeks later he was out on the floor shooting baskets. "Knowing the type of guy Jimmy is, he'll be back before our sixth game," says Snowden.

By then 6'8" Forward Fleming may have missed the first of his long jumpers. He has a career field-goal percentage of .581. And while Fleming does his deadly work outside, Bob Elliott wheels inside. The 6'10" center averaged 23 points a year ago. This also could be the season that swingman Herman Harris lives up to his—and everyone else's—high expectations.

As usual, the Wildcats will run. Snowden has a big book full of intricate plays, but the one he likes best is the three-on-one fast break. His second choice is the two-on-one fast break. He even likes the one-on-five break, which is one reason Arizona committed 19 turnovers a game last year.

And the Wildcats will do some things

other than run well. One is rebounding, since eight of the players stand 6'8" or taller. Nor is that the end of the 'Cats' talents. Forward Jerome Gladney plays the trombone and another forward, Tim Marshall, has appeared on television doing his nifty Muhammad Ali imitation. If the players get together and come up with a magic act that makes those turnovers disappear, Arizona could be a smash.



## KANSAS STATE

At the ancient Alima Hotel on the road between Topeka and Manhattan, a phenomenon known as the Purple Chef serves a million-dollar menu in two-bit surroundings. The Purple Chef is purple (well, his billowy hat is purple) because that is the color of his true love, the Kansas State basketball team. Over the years, Wildcat players have learned that if Coach Jack Hartman is good for a lot of laps, the Purple Chef is at least good for a laugh and a lunch. In his role as the Escoffier of K-State athletics, he cooks up snacks every so often and serves them to the players in their Manhattan dormitory. If the Wildcats do as well as expected this year, the squad may be getting breakfast in bed every day.

Kansas State made it all the way to the NCAA regional finals last spring, disproving last November's predictions that the Wildcats might not win half their games. They finished second in the Big Eight, came within an overtime of reaching the NCAA final round and managed an overall record of 20-9. With four starters back, including rapid-fire Guards Chuckie Williams and Mike Evans, and some quality frontcourt recruits, Kansas State should be even better this season.

As rocket launchers go, Williams and Evans are two of the best, and Hartman believes 6'10" Center Carl Gerlach can improve on last year's 10 points per game. Forward Larry Dossie, a 6'5" newcomer from Dodge City Junior College, can also become a top gun. Aggressive Dan Droge and inconsistent Darryl Winston renew their competition for the other forward spot. Jerry Black, a 6'11" JC transfer, is expected to help.

Even if the frontcourt scores more, a return to man-to-man defense and an upbeat offensive tempo should keep Wil-



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hams and Evans around their 22.1- and 17-point averages of last year. Evans is the better all-round player, more suited to working at point guard, but Hartman calls Williams "the best shooter I've ever coached." And that's saying something, since Walt Frazer was one of his charges when he was the head man at Southern Illinois.

Last year Williams scored 640 points, more than any other Wildcat guard ever, and Evans overcame a late-season broken nose to add 492 more. This winter the two guards may share the spotlight with Dassie, a JC All-America. Hartman worries over Dassie's uninhibited style, but says, "If he'll let me work with him and firm everything up, he'll make a big contribution."

If Dassie does dazzle, the Wildcats' prospects for at least a Big Eight title are as good as the Purple Chef's veal cordon bleu.



## MICHIGAN

Because of UCLA's dramatic victories in the NCAA final round last spring, it is almost forgotten that the Bruins came within inches of being knocked out of the tournament before they reached San Diego. In fact, had C. J. Kupec's last-second shot gone in instead of hitting the rim, Michigan would have beaten UCLA in regulation time in the Western Regional. Instead, the Wolverines lost 103-91 in overtime. Now culprit Kupec has graduated and Michigan has added a gang of freshmen and a junior college transfer who look good enough to prevent such slippups this year.

The trouble is that none of the newcomers seems fully capable of replacing the skill or brawn of the 6' 8", 230-pound Kupec, whose miss that long heave against UCLA was one of his few failures last season. He was Michigan's best player, an 18-point scorer who also pulled down eight rebounds a game.

If the Wolverines are to improve their 19-8 record, they must receive immediate help from the new players, particularly 6' 7" frosh Phil Hubbard, who is expected to step in for Kupec. Hubbard was an All-America at Canton, Ohio's McKinley High, where he broke Washington Bullet Nick Weatherspoon's scoring record, but at 195 pounds he cannot

come close to matching Kupec's bulk, which was a big asset under the boards.

Fortunately, Hubbard will have more help in the forecourt than Kupec did. Six-foot-eight Joel Thompson, who averaged just two points a game last season, was the team's leading scorer during a 7-0 summer swing through Egypt. John Robinson (6' 6") was last season's most pleasant surprise, shooting 60% from the floor. And depth will be provided by 6' 9" Tom Bergen, a transfer from Utah, and 6' 6" freshman Bobby Jones.

Nevertheless, Michigan's mightiest players are its mites. In 6' 2" Captain Wayman Britt, the Wolverines may have the smallest major-college forward. That does not bother Britt at all. "Ninety percent of the time, the ball is rebounded below the basket," says Britt, who can go a foot above the rim if he has to.

Another 6' 2" player, Steve Grote, is among the country's toughest backcourt men: Football Coach Bo Schembechler even wanted him to play the "wolfman" linebacker position. With a blond mustache and Afro, Grote would have been perfect for the part. Rickey Green, the nation's premier JC guard at Vincennes, where he averaged 21 points last season, completes a strong backcourt, though he needs to improve his ballhandling.

Despite winning 41 of its last 54, Michigan has had just one sellout in the past two years at Crisler Arena. The Wolverines use what should be a crowd-pleasing man-to-man defense and fast-break offense. Coach John Orr, a man who has lectured nuclear engineering students on positive thinking, expects the fans to come back this year. They should. After all, Michigan is a team that literally plays over its head.



## LOUISVILLE

After years of going off to play some teams nobody knew in some places nobody ever heard of, Louisville has forsaken the spread-eagled Missouri Valley Conference in favor of a league that makes sense. By most standards—economics, publicity, natural rivalries—the new Metro Six (Cincinnati, Memphis State, St. Louis University, Tulane, Georgia Tech and Louisville) promises to benefit the Cardinals' program. Instead of outlanders from Texas and New



THE CARDS' WESLEY COX

Mexico fans will get to see more of Memphis State and Cincinnati. And instead of dodging dust in Amarillo, the players can strut their stuff on Beale, Bourbon and Peachtree streets.

However, the transitional period will be perilous, even for a team that Coach Denny Crum says, with uncannily optimism, could be better than last season's NCAA third-place finisher. At least until the Metro Six can put together its double round-robin regular-season schedule in 1976-77, the league's champion—and NCAA representative—will be determined by a post-season tournament. It is the Cardinals' good fortune that the event will be held this season in Louisville's Freedom Hall, which also will be the site of the NCAA Midwest Regional.

"In effect, we'll be playing a Missouri Valley schedule without having the chance for a conference championship, so we have to play as if we were an independent," says Crum. "I've never been in favor of a tournament, but right now we've got no choice."

With mainstays Junior Bridgeman and Allen Murphy gone to the pros, the Cards will go more often to gifted 6' 5"

*continued*



RUTGERS' PHIL SELLERS

Wesley Cox, who averaged 11 points last season on only nine shots a game. As the outgoing Cox told a new-man on team-picture day, "I'm the man this year." Indeed he is, but he is not the whole show. Junior Guard Phillip Blond was the MVP in the Midwest Regional last spring and this fall was a key man on the U.S. gold medal-winning Pan-Am Games team. Sophomore Center Ricky Gallon, 6'11", looks stronger and more aggressive, as do Danny Brown, Rick Wilson and Billy Harmon, who are all fighting for a starting guard spot. The only freshman to make the varsity, 6'7" Larry Williams, is one of four players who will share the forward spot opposite Cox.

The first half of the season could be rough for the Cardinals; they have road games at Memphis, Cincinnati and Providence. But sooner or, more likely, later, Crum expects his no-senior team to be a good one. "I don't know whether we'll become a great team at midseason or in late season. Maybe we'll have to wait

until next year," says Crum. "But we'll be plenty good. This team is potentially better than last year's, and I thought we were the best in the country then."



## RUTGERS

Founded as Queens College in 1766, Rutgers took 209 years to get its team to an NCAA tournament. Alas, the results of that long-awaited trip last March hardly inspired the campus statue of William the Silent to burst into a chorus of *On the Banks of the Old Raritan*. In the first round at Oral Roberts University, the Scarlet Knights drew powerful Louisville, and Coach Tom Young had only to look at the sides of the court to see the words of Oracle Oral himself: "Expect a Miracle." The Rutgers fast break rolled up a somewhat miraculous eight-point lead in the first half, but then the Cardinals' depth took over for a no-miracles-tonight 91-78 Louisville win.

The defeat was not a complete loss; the Rutgers coaches and players believe they learned a lesson from it. "These Louisville guys kept coming off the bench and they all played the same," says Center Mike Palko. "Junior Bridgeman scored 36 points against us, and I still don't know which guy he was. If we are going to be that kind of basketball power, we are going to need as much depth."

With that in mind, Young has recruited two prize freshmen, Abdel Anderson and Jim Bailey, to augment returning starters Phil Sellers, Mike Dabney, Ed Jordan, Hollis Copeland and Palko. There may be no faster lineup anywhere.

Sellers, a temperamental senior All-America, should complete his career as the leading scorer and rebounder in Rutgers history. He averaged 22.7 points last season and has a marvelous knack for saving his most productive games for tough opponents. For example, he had 20 points against Louisville.

Like Sellers, Dabney is beginning his fourth season as the starting lineup, and he, too, is exceptional. "I get as many pro feelers about Mike as I do about Phil," Young says.

With Sellers and Dabney at the wings, Jordan directs a "rip and run" offense that occasionally will fast break on the out-of-bounds play after an opponent's goal. Jordan also is Rutgers' best defend-

er, the kind of light-fingered operator that Karl Malden warns about in those traveler's check commercials.

Sophomore Copeland was the fourth Scarlet Knights starter to average in double figures last season, and he and Palko are expected to shoulder most of the rebounding chores. But by tournament time this season they should be receiving some help from 6'7" Anderson and 6'9" Bailey.

With its new-found depth, Rutgers should move up among the big basketball powers. If the Knights pull that off, the excitement in their 2,800-seat gym will be at its highest since the night in the mid-'50s when Dr. Alfred Kinsey lectured the student body on what people do when they are not watching basketball games.



## CALIFORNIA

Berkeley was the capital of basketball in 1959 and 1960 when Pete Newell coached the University of California to one title and a second-place finish in the NCAA tournament. But thereafter free speech, not free throws, became the hot topic on campus.

Professors say these things run in cycles, and now basketball has come around again at California. There are two hot new prospects on hand, a nudge and a giant, plus four starters and all the reserves from last year's team that compiled a 17-9 record, the Golden Bears' best since 1960.

The heart of Cal's club is 6'3" Rickie Hawthorne, a 14.9-points-a-game guard who must feel like a vice-presidential selection. He has been on the All-Pac-8 second team for the last three years. Now he appears to be a cinch for a top spot on the ticket.

Coach Dick Edwards' squad includes 6'9" Center Jay Young, and there is also real size on the bench, although you have to look closely to see it. Freshman Tom Schneiderjohn, 6'11", has such long arms that he can stand flat-footed and touch the bottom of the backboard. Of course, at a mere 185 pounds he needs something to hold on to.

Cyl probably will be forced to play a zone defense at times to help improve its rebounding. Last year Young was the best on the boards, but his 7.5 average

*(continued)*

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would get him thrown off some teams. Guard Connie White, 6'4", tied for second in rebounding behind Young, and it would help the Golden Bears' board work if he could be shifted full time to forward.

There are two things holding up the switch. One is freshman Guard Gene Ransom, a 5'9" dervish of a ball handler. Ransom can run the offense, but his defense is Las Vegas style. He likes to gamble, and too frequently he comes up broke.

The other reason for keeping White in the backcourt is Forward Ray Murry, a JC transfer who eats his spinach and often has opponent's lunch. Murry is only 6'5", but he weighs 225, most of it sinew. "Some people think I should be playing football," he says. Edwards probably will solve the dilemma by swinging White between guard and forward and alternating the two others, pulling Ransom into the pits for a fresh supply of chips while Murry blocks and tackles. Another starter will be 6'8" Carl Bird, a consistent 12.7-point, 4.9-rebound performer.

Because of the school's reputation for activism, Edwards felt some trepidation when he arrived at Berkeley three years ago. But things have changed. Cal may bomb some people this year, but the victims won't be hankers.



**AUBURN**

Since the Auburn press guide does not bother to report that Coach Bob Davis' doctorate is in education, the logical assumption is that his Ph.D. is in comedy & torture. While coaching at Georgetown (Ky.) College, Davis once got so angry at his players during a game that he left the bench, went up in the stands and sat down to read a newspaper. Another defeat so enraged him that he locked his team in the dressing room all night.

Wherever he has coached, Davis' players have been provoked by his needling, his cynicism, and by jokes laced with razor blades. Yet Davis' style has served him well. By the time he was 45 years old, he had won 452 games coaching in small-college competition. When he inherited a 6-20 team at Auburn two years ago, Davis was expected to improve the situation. The only question was whether

or any Tiger players would live to tell how he did it.

After they were shelved 93-65 at Mississippi early in the 1973-74 season, Davis let his Tigers out of the dressing room—not for the trip back to Alabama, but for a two-hour late-night practice.

At home, Davis pushed his players through three-a-day drills, but matters did not improve. Finally, during a 96-51 thrashing at Vanderbilt, Davis turned to his assistant coach, John Lykins, and screamed, "Why don't you go out and get me some players I can win with!" Lykins was so startled that he immediately got up from the bench, left the gym and was not heard from for 16 days.

That first team of Davis' was not as bad as all this sounds. It beat Kentucky 99-97 late in the season and finished 10-16. Guard Eddie Johnson topped the SEC with 22.3 points per game as a freshman, and classmate Pepto Bolden led the conference in rebounding. Bolden scored 27 points in the first game last year to launch an 18-8 season. It is an index of the Tigers' growing strength that Bolden will not start this year.

Gary Redding, a reliable 6'6" senior, mans one forward position. Opposite him will be Mike Mitchell, a rugged 6'8", 215-pound sophomore who likes to sew. Mitchell is one of those players that Lykins was chased out to recruit, and he starred in last year's 90-85 defeat of NCAA runner-up Kentucky with 31 points and 15 rebounds. Another of Lykins' prize catches is Center Myles Patrick, who may have improved his shooting enough to hold back 6'8" Cedrick Hordges. Hordges is a cocky freshman who thinks he can do anything on a basketball floor, and he may very well be right. Guard Stan Pietkiewicz is an accurate shooter if allowed to stand and aim. Finally, there is Johnson, who remains one of the finest unheralded players in recent memory. He averaged 20.9 last year, was fourth in the nation in free-throw shooting (.879) and is quicker than a flick of your Bic.

The key to Auburn's season lies in the Tigers' ability to play as a team. They committed 36 turnovers in one game last year and sometimes reverted to an uncontrolled offense. But they have two powerful incentives for getting together. One is the possibility of an SEC championship. Another is avoiding the merry ministrations of Dr. Davis.



**UTEP**

Nothing has changed in the 10 years since the Bear won his NCAA championship. Don Haskins of the University of Texas at El Paso is still sinking putts, billiard balls and free throws to the consternation of all challengers. And when he is not doing those things, Haskins spends his time outcoaching everybody in the desert.

As usual, this year's Miners probably will not shoot 50', or score 90 points in any game, but they will play the kind of defense that rival Coach Abe Lemons once described as "biting the numbers off your uniform." In the process they will win a bunch of games (19 victories is an average Haskins season) and challenge for the WAC championship.

With only one shooter in double figures, UTEP last season scored just 64.2 points per game, finished 20-6 and led the nation in defense (57.3) for the third straight year. Those last two figures are most impressive, and nearly all of the players who helped compile them are back—notably, John Sallee, Charles Draper, Jack Poole and Gary Brewster.

"We're a good 6'5" team," Haskins says. "We can't pitch the ball up and go chase the rebounds, so we'll control the tempo, like always."

The reluctant star of this modest bunch is Brewster, a 6'8" senior who last season led the team in scoring (15.4) and rebounding (8.3). "When I lose him, I'm gonna lose my heart," Haskins says. "He's the best defender in the country. He doesn't look pretty, but when Gary's on somebody, they don't get nothing."

Because of shyness Brewster is about as tough to talk to as he is to score against. Haskins says that when he recruited Gary, he would no sooner walk in the front door than Brewster would run out the back. "Now that I've got him, I can make him turn around and face me," says Haskins. "But he still doesn't like meeting strangers. When I told him he'd have to learn to talk more after he became a pro, he said, 'Well, I just won't play pro ball.'"

Brewster may be stubborn enough not to. He cares not at all for individual awards. As a high school senior he ducked the Athlete of the Year banquet thrown in his honor. On another occa-

*continued*

sion he refused to accept a paycheck from an employer because he did not feel he had earned it.

Players like Brewster are rare, and so are teams like Texas-El Paso.



THE EAGLES' BOB CARRINGTON



## BOSTON COLLEGE

Please pardon Bob Zuffelato for smiling. Any coach would wear a big grin if he had recruited Tom Meggers, a 6'9" high school All-America who averaged 34 points and 14 rebounds as a senior.

Please excuse Zuffelato for smiling again. He also has Pat Holmes, a 6'7" center who shot 60% in high school.

Please forgive Zuffelato one last time. The excuse is freshman Ernie Cobbs, a 5'11" guard who both looks and plays a lot like fellow-Connecticuter Calvin Murphy.

Zuffelato also gets considerable pleasure from the sight of two other fresh-

men, 6'7" Forward Michael Bowie and Guard James Jackson.

Last season those five had a combined scoring average of 142 points a game. And Zuffelato has a fine group of hold-overs led by 6'6" senior Forwards Will Morrison (17.6 points) and Bob Carrington (20.9). Morrison, a Honduran, has an extremely accurate off-the-top-of-his-head jumper from the corners and the key. If those shots do not stagger opponents, something else is sure to: the heavy dose of odorous body liniment Morrison rubs on before each game.

Carrington, Zuffelato says, "is like a snake around the basket. And late last season he had about six excellent games on defense. To join the pros he needs just one thing: heart." Carrington's disinclination to give 100% is something 6'10" Center Bill Russell Collins will work on. "When I was named captain, I thought, 'I'll have done my job if I can just once get Bob to dive for the ball,'" he says. Collins, a happy-with-either-hand hooker, will do other things, too. Last season he scored 13.4 points a game and topped the Eagles with 55% shooting and a 10.4 rebound average.

Two players, ball handler Mel Weldon and 6'11" Paul Berwanger, are gone from a year ago, when the Eagles were 21-9. But Zuffelato is banking on the playmaking of junior Guard Mike Shirley to ease Weldon's departure. He also has improved shooting and speed, and a fine sixth man in 6'5" Jeff Bailey.

But the Eagles will not soar until Zuffelato begins to get the best out of the freshmen. "It's not easy working with new talent because you have to find out what attitudes the players have about life and about the game," he says. "But every kid has a moose call, and if you can find the right call to reach him, then you can build a team."

Zuffelato is working on his moose calls, and still smiling.



## PRINCETON

Pete Carril was enjoying a drive through the Princeton campus when his demeanor suddenly changed. "See that building?" he said, nodding toward a large rectangular structure. "That's the admissions building. The financial aid office is also in there. If they don't get me on one

floor, they will on another. I call the place Heartbreak Hotel."

Supreme pessimist, perpetual cigar smoker, history buff, ref buster and one of the best coaches in the country, Carril was singing another refrain of The Princeton Recruiting Blues. "I love that kid," Carril will say of any of half a dozen members of his squad. "He's bright—and he's paying his own way."

But the results of Princeton's games undermine Carril's complaints. He predicted that the underfunded Tigers would win nine times last year. They were 22-8 and swept their final 13 games. The last four victories gave Princeton a stunning NIT championship and the longest current winning streak among major college teams.

The return of four starters and some key reserves gives Carril even less reason for dire predictions this year. The Tigers are strongest in the backcourt with Armond Hill and Mickey Steuwer. Hill, an unselfish offensive player and an exceptional defender, keeps the one-on-one moves he learned in Brooklyn under wraps most of the time, and his 13.9 scoring average shows it. Steuwer, another restrained New Yorker, averaged 12.3 points.

Carril's emphasis is always on defense—the Tigers ranked fourth in the nation last year by allowing only 61.2 points per game—but with 6'5" Frank Sowinski, a 19-point scorer as a freshman, joining 6'7" Senior Barnes Hauptfuhner (14.7) at forward, Princeton also should score well. Hauptfuhner is from sound stock; his father George, a star at Harvard, was the first man ever drafted by the NBA. He turned down the Celtics to enroll in law school. Last February an old family friend from Philadelphia unexpectedly dropped in to see Hauptfuhner play against his father's alma mater. She was Princess Grace of Monaco. "I had never met her and I was pretty shook," Hauptfuhner says. "I missed four one-and-one free throws." Carril remembers the glamorous occasion well. "We won" is how he describes it.

In fits of pessimism during practice, Carril will admonish his Tigers and predict that they will win five—not nine—games this season. Forget you ever heard it. This is the season Princeton should end Penn's domination of the Ivy League. "Top 20!" Carril says. "Do me a favor and keep us out." Sorry Pete.

*CONTINUED*

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# BEST OF THE REST

## FIVE TO WATCH

• A message on the Church of Christ bulletin board in Clarksville, Tenn. this fall advised: **GOSSIP RUNS MORE PEOPLE DOWN THAN AUTOMOBILES.** Those were apt words, considering the nasty tales going around these days concerning Indiana high school star Sammy Drummer and how he came to play basketball at Clarksville's Austin Peay State University. A David Thompson-type forward who averaged 28 points and 12 rebounds as a prep player last year, Drummer signed his name to three different recruiting documents—a Big Ten letter of intent at Indiana University, a scholarship agreement at NAIA power Gardner-Webb and a national letter of intent at Austin Peay—before deciding to honor the last of them. The Governors, who won 15 of their last 20 games a year ago, get back Guard Charlie Fishback (18.9 points per game), and three other starters. That and Drummer should be enough to win the Ohio Valley Conference. Why did Drummer choose a small school like Austin Peay? He says Indiana Coach Bob Knight hung up on him during a phone conversation. Then he took a liking to Gardner-Webb Assistant Coach Roger Banks. When Banks became an assistant at Austin Peay, Drummer took the last train to Clarksville.

• Georgetown, which gained fame as the setting for *The Exorcist*, should also scare some people with its basketball team. No one was graduated from the 16-10 squad that won the ECAC playoffs and appeared in the NCAA tournament last season. Center Merlin Wilson, a 6'9" senior from Washington, D.C., is the core of the team, and Coach John Thompson continues to buck the trend by persuading local high school stars not to stray far from the Capitol. He had an inside track on his latest prize recruit because 6'7" Al Dusch attended John Carroll High School, Thompson's alma mater. Dusch will crowd somebody out of the Hoyas' established front line, and 6'4½" freshman Steve Martin is the big guard Thompson has wanted since he

took over at Georgetown three years ago.

• Georgia has been a weak sister in SEC basketball long enough. In the conference's strongest season—Tennessee, Alabama and Auburn are all loaded and Kentucky is still a factor—the Bulldogs should blacken some eyes and bruise some egos. Muscleman Jack Dorsey is in the George McGinnis mold. At 6'7", 230 pounds he is rugged in close to the bucket, but he also has the soft touch to shoot outside when he wants to. Dorsey's 6'10" classmate, Lucius Foster, ineligible last season, will contribute to Georgia's muscular inside attack. The Bulldogs are only 14-37 under young coach John Guthrie, but he now has assembled a team of nine high school All-Americans. Five of them hail from Georgia, and Guthrie is beginning to dominate his state the way C. M. Newton controls the talent in Alabama.

• Washington's Huskies have a front line that could match up against a forest of Douglas firs and still see the sun—that is, when it bothers to shine in Seattle. (Shouldn't the team's mascot be an umbrella, not a dog?) Coach Marv Harshman has four double-figure scorers returning from the team that beat UCLA 103-81, then lost its next three games and finished 16-10. Guard Clarence Ramsey, a 17.8-point scorer, should again be free to fire, with defenses collapsing around 7-foot James Edwards, 6'11" Lars Hansen and 6'9" Larry (Spaceman) Jackson. The Huskies' main problems are UCLA, as usual, and California. A third is the team's itinerary, which reads like Lewis and Clark's. Washington never plays east of Nebraska, and sports editors in the other half of the country who vote in the weekly polls may not discover the Huskies' record until June.

• Holy Cross was a vastly improved team last season, going from an 8-18 record in 1973-74 to 20-8. The Crusaders scored 40½ of their points as a result of their defensive pressure, and they were very well balanced on offense. Forwards Chris Potter and Michael Vicens each scored 411 points, while Center Marty



THE BULLDOGS' JACK DORSEY

Halsey and swingman Bill Doran chipped in with 13.2 and 13.1 averages. They are now joined by freshman Guard Pete Beckenbach who broke all of Rick Barry's scoring records at Roselle Park (N.J.) High School.

**THE EAST** After winning 79 of 86 games, two ACC championships and one NCAA title with David Thompson, what can North Carolina State do without him? Plenty, if three top prospects come up to expectations. Joining exceptional Forwards Kenny Carr and Phil Spence are 7'¾" freshman Center Glenn Sudhop and transfer Guards Al Green and Darnell Adell. Wake Forest also could contend for the league title with freshman Center Larry Harrison, 6'10", and All-ACC Guard Skip Brown, a 22.7-point scorer.

The Southern Conference should enjoy its best-balanced race in years. Furman, virtually unchallenged the last three seasons, suffered severe graduation loss-

*continued*

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## BASKETBALL '75-'76 continued

es, while East Carolina, which was 19-9 in 1974-75, William and Mary (16-12) and VMI (13-13) have most of the starters back from their best teams an ages. Richmond introduces Guard Paul Webb, who led junior college scorers with a 35.9-point average last year. Appalachian State, Davidson and The Citadel also are improved.

The loss of Ron Hagler and Bob Bigelow should end Penn's string of Ivy League titles at six. However, the Quakers may still win 20 games if Forward John Engles can recover completely from two operations on the same knee and if 6'5" Forward Keven McDonald can approach the 25.4 scoring average he had on the freshman team.

Defending champion La Salle must hold off American University and Hofstra in the Eastern section of the East Coast Conference. American has four starters back and Hofstra five, including national rebounding leader John Irving (15.4), but La Salle must compensate for severe frontcourt losses. Guard Todd Tripucka leads Lafayette against favored Bucknell in the Western section.

Massachusetts, with junior Jim Town, should survive Connecticut's challenge to win its fourth straight Yankee Conference championship. Vermont, coming off its best season (16-10) in 28 years, has five of its top seven players back, and Rhode Island, 5-20 a year ago, will be considerably better. A real Yankee dandy is Maine's Bob Warner, who averaged 19.7 points and was second in the nation in rebounding (14.1).

Independent Syracuse will not return to the NCAA's final four this year, but speed, defense and Forward Chris Seave make an NIT appearance likely. Providence seeks its sixth straight 20-win season and postseason tournament bid with frontcourt depth and accurate outside shooting from Guard Joe Hassett. George Washington's first year in Smith Center should be a good one as Pat Tallent (20.3 points per game) fills the basket from long range. West Virginia hopes that 6'11" Junior Lewis is worth the 21 recruiting trips it took to sign him. Villanova, an untypical 9-18 a year ago, appears much improved with brothers Larry and Keith Herron, who each averaged nearly 18 points a game last year.

Prospects appear as bleak as the local budgetary outlook for most New York

City area teams, including St. John's, which may fail in its bid for a 12th straight postseason tournament.

Florida State, 18-8 in each of the last three seasons, may be the best of the Southeastern independents, although Coach Hugh Durham says, "We have a lot of good players, no great ones." With a pair of seven-footers, Jacksonville recalls the good old days of Artis Gilmore and Pembroke Burrows III. New Coach Don Beasley can also count on solid scoring from JC transfer Guard Kent Glover. South Carolina could return to the 20-win class if it gets good ball handling to go with the shooting of four-year starters Alex English and Mike Dunleavy. New Coach Lee Rose hopes to continue the pattern at UNC-Charlotte, which was 23-3 last season and led the nation in average margin of victory (23.7 points) for the second straight year.

**THE MIDEAST** "I've always felt guards are so important," says Purdue Coach Fred Schaus, and all you have to do to discover why he feels that way is to check the Boilermakers' roster. In All-Big Ten Bruce Parkinson, Purdue has its best guard since Rick Mount. Parkinson does what Mount did not—pass and defend—and he shoots well enough to have scored 25 points in one of those frenetic Pan-Am games in Mexico City. He also has broken all the conference assist records.

Another returning backcourt starter is sophomore Eugene Parker, who celebrated last season's 17-13 record by singing *This Girl's in Love with You* at the team banquet. Unfortunately for Parker, Schaus is in love with two Indiana-style, nail-up-a-basket-and-shoot-12-hours-a-day freshman guards, Jerry Sichting and Kyle Macy. One of them could replace Parker as a starter.

Forward Wayne Walls (6'7") is a good defender, and has frontcourt mate Walter Jordan (6'8") has 42-inch sleeves and an almost unblockable shot, but neither weighs as much as 200 pounds. "We do get manhandled physically at the forwards," Schaus says. So the key to Purdue's season will be the performance of 6'10" Tom Scheffler, who replaces graduated John Garrett, a 20-point scorer and, more important, a 10-a-game rebounder. "I see my job as rebounding and defense," says Scheffler. He will have to do plenty of both if Purdue is to bump

continued



Michigan for second place in the Big Ten Iowa, whose starting lineup returns intact, and Ohio State should round out the league's first division. Buckeye Center Craig Taylor twice outplayed Indiana's Kent Benson last year, but Taylor had little support. Now he has less.

Kentucky, defending Southeastern Conference champion and NCAA finalist, is fresh out of everything but tradition. If Rick Robey and Mike Phillips, both 6'10", can work together in a double-post, the Wildcats might finish as high as 18-8. But that's about it, since they play North Carolina, Indiana, Notre Dame and Kansas even before facing their vastly improved SEC rivals. One of those up-and-coming league teams is Vanderbilt, which has everyone back, including 22-point man Jeff Fosnes.

Western Michigan, with six of its top seven players returning, should win the expanded (10 team) Mid-American Conference. In Claude (Sleepy) Taylor and Tim (The Kokomo Cruncher) Sisneros, Middle Tennessee has enough good players to contest Austin Peay for the Ohio Valley Conference title. Western Kentucky will also be in the running.

Among the independents, Detroit's promotion-minded Coach Dick Vitale spent the fall touting the Mr. Inside (Terry Tyler)-Mr. Outside (John Long) combination that averaged 25.6 points per game and enabled the Titans to win 13 of their last 17 in an otherwise disappointing 17-9 season. DePaul, whose 15-10 record was a letdown, will come back punching with 6'11" Dave Corzine, who drew three technicals in one game, 6'6" Joe Pomsetto, who wants to be a cop, and 6'4" Guard Ron Norwood. Dayton (10-16) had its first losing season in Coach Don Donohue's 11 years; Guard Johnny Davis and a host of good recruits could bring the Flyers back.

Centenary, the smallest (800) Division I school, has one of the biggest players in 7'1" Robert Parish. Rick Sinclair and Al Gardner return to lead South Alabama, the major college scoring leader last year with a 92.8 average.

**THE MIDWEST** That incredible shrinking conference known as the Missouri Valley, once the toughest league in the land, has been losing members and replacing them with teams that are hardly famous names. The best of the lot should be old-member Drake, which

won the Commissioners Invitational Tournament last year. Despite the loss of two 20-point scorers, accordion-playing, lay-preaching, slogan-spouting Bob Driegel expects greater success in his second season. "Good things happen to good people," Oregel says, but his top player, Ken Harris, has his own inspiration: "Girls want to be with a winner, not a bunch of turkeys." Wichita State challenges with five returning lettermen led by 6'10" Bob Elmore, while New Mexico State has a new coach, Ken Hayes, and the league has a badly needed new team with a classy basketball reputation, Southern Illinois.

Memphis State is one of four former Valley clubs that have joined the Metro Six conference. The Tigers have eight of the players who last season won 20 games against a padded schedule that included the likes of Montclair State and Wisconsin-Green Bay. Despite all the experienced talent on hand, Coach Wayne Yates cautions, "We've yet to prove we can beat a really good team," and he's right. Phil Hicks' 22.7-point average helped Tulane to its best record (16-10) since 1957 and the Green Wave expects to do even better this season.

After a three-year experiment during which scoring records were broken and playing tempo increased, the Big Eight is putting its 30-second clock in the closet because the idea did not catch on in any other conference. There is also a new look at Kansas, which lost five seniors from last year's league championship (19-8) team and is not likely to repeat. Missouri, led by Guard Willie Smith, was a surprising third-place finisher last season and should do at least as well again. Nebraska has Guard Jerry Fort, the school's alltime leading scorer with an 18.2 career average, but he is not expected to outshoot Iowa State's Herclie Ivy (28.3 points per game).

Houston acquires full membership in the Southwest Conference and one sign of progress in this second-rank league is that the Cougars are not favored to win the championship, which will be decided by a postseason tournament. Houston does have 24.6-point Guard Otis Birdsong, but he will not be enough to catch Texas A&M, which won the title last year with its first 20-victory season. Arkansas' Eddie Sutton, the SWC's best coach, lacks an experienced big man, but his young recruits, especially Guard Sidney

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## BASKETBALL '75-'76

Moncrief, are outstanding. Texas Tech has the best talent overall, including the league's 6'9" MVP, Rick Bullock. Coach Sonny Allen takes over at SMU in time to welcome back 6'8" all-league Forward Ira Terrell from a year's suspension.

The wraps are also off two Southland Conference teams, defending champion McNeese State, which was barred from postseason tournaments last season, and Southwestern Louisiana, which is suiting up its first club in three years. The Cajons still must wait two seasons before participating in postseason play.

Among the independents, Pan American and Oral Roberts are capable of winning 20 games again. Guard Marshall Rogers, a 26.7-point scorer, gives the Broncos an easy ride, while Forward Anthony Roberts leads the Titans.

**THE WEST** Arizona State dynamited away part of a mountain to build Coach Ned Wulk's dream basketball palace. When the place finally opened last season, the Sun Devils returned the favor by blasting all 14 of their opponents in the 14,227-seat ASU Activity Center. There will be 15 games in "Ned's Place" this year, and the Sun Devils must win practically all of them to have a chance in the WAC race. Guard Lionel (Train) Hollins and Forwards Rudy White and Jack Schrader have turned pro. The only returning starter from last year's conference champions is 6'10" Center Scott Lloyd, who averaged 12 points and 6.7 rebounds a game. He will get some help from 6'5" Forward Gary Jackson, who scored 17 points in 22 minutes during ASU's 84-81 NCAA regional win over Nevada-Las Vegas. "The loss of Hollins has cost us some of our explosiveness," Wulk says. "We can compensate with rebounding." A couple of compensators, 6'7", 220-pound Ken Wright and 6'4", 205-pound Nate Drayton will see plenty of action, allowing 6'4" James Holliman to relocate at guard and run the search-and-destroy offense.

Another contender for the WAC title is New Mexico, which has recruited four top junior college players. The best of them should be 6'7" Larry Gray, provided he can overcome knee problems. If Cal and Washington are unable to challenge UCLA in the Pac-8, Oregon may be the last line of defense. McArthur Court, alias The Pit, has been expanded by 1,400 seats and sold out for

the season. Ron Lee, who should become the first four-year All-Pac-8 selection, is the main reason for the booming sales.

The Big Sky title will go to the school that survives the league's new four-team postseason playoff. Idaho State will be most visible in the Sky, thanks to seven-foot Steve Hayes (20.4 points a game, 13.3 rebounds and .542 accuracy). With four starters back from a .500 team, Boise State will contend. And Weber State, which has double-figure scorers and rebounders in Jimmy Watts and Al DeWitt, could be a surprise after winning only 11 games last year.

No one will seriously challenge San Francisco in the WCAC, but Pepperdine has four regulars returning from a 17-8 team and figures to finish second. The PCAA should be more interesting to watch now that Long Beach State's six-year reign appears to be over. For the superstitious, Fresno State, whose all-PCAA Forward Roy Jones won \$17,000 in prizes on *The Price Is Right*, is a good bet. Even luckier was San Diego State. It went to the NCAA playoffs last spring despite a 14-13 record. The Aztecs have all five starters back and might even deserve a tournament spot this season.

Newly independent Nevada-Las Vegas has improved its schedule but still might come close to the 24-5 record it had last year. The Rebels' new itinerary calls for 19 home games, and that will help ease the loss of Ricky Sobers, the school's first All-America. Four other double-figure scorers are back, and the new recruits include 6'6" Reggie Theus, a high school All-American from Inglewood, Calif., and 6'4" Sam Smith, a 32-point scorer from Seminole (Okla.) JC. Only a pessimist like Jerry Tarkanian, the most consistent winner among active coaches in the NCAA (1,843), could view such prospects with alarm.

Utah State (21-6) lost 40 points and 16 rebounds a game when Jimmy Moore and Rich Hawes graduated and probably will not receive another NCAA bid. The remaining Aggies are as uneven in talent as the best returnees, seven-foot Ed Gregg and 5'11" Oscar Williams, are in height. With four-year starter Merlon Werts and its own seven-foot center, Tommy Barker, Hawaii has hopes of improving its 14-11 record, but the departure of scoring leader Jimmie Baker and the Rainbows' toughest schedule ever are apt to make the task hopeless.

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## SMALL COLLEGES

by KENT HANNON

**G**rand Canyon College ought to win several home games every year on the strength of its name alone. It makes the place sound as if it is teetering on the edge of an abyss, with hungry buzzards circling overhead. But names can be deceiving. Neither a burro nor a prospector's map is needed to get to the school. It is situated on one of the main drags in downtown Phoenix, Ariz., which has not been considered the wilds for quite some time now. The real Grand Canyon is 165 miles to the north of this 1,000-student Baptist institution, which has a high school-like campus that hardly could be confused with a wonder of the natural world.

No doubt sensing that the college needed some impressive achievements to go along with its mighty name, the Grand Canyon basketball team grabbed the NAIA championship last March with a blend of defensive coercion and offensive discipline seldom seen at the annual run-and-gun show in Kansas City. Although even their supporters gave them little chance of winning the 32-team playoffs, Coach Ben Lindsey's Antelopes, helped by an upset of favored Kentucky State in the first round, made their way to the finals against strong Midwestern University of Wichita Falls, Texas.

During the championship game NAIA officials decided by secret ballot to give the tournament's Sportsmanship Award to Grand Canyon. At the time most of the voters thought it would make a suitable consolation prize. But Grand Canyon continued to surprise everyone by winning 65-54 and walking off with both awards, the first time any team had pulled off such a double in the tournament's 38 years.

The leader of this contingent of good guys was 6'10" Center Bayard Forrest, who also won the tournament's Most Valuable Player award. An unusual young man with an imposing name of his own, Forrest turned down an offer of more than \$500,000 from the Kansas City Kings this summer in favor of returning to Grand Canyon for his senior

year. Not only is he likely to be the best among small-college players this season, but he is one of the last of a vanishing breed, a center from a little school with a big future in pro basketball.

Forrest is a devout Baptist who grew up in Arizona, then moved to Oregon with his family when he was 16. He went to high school in Bandon, a chilly fishing village on the Pacific, and played basketball against a lot of stringbean pivots who offered little resistance to his considerable scoring and rebounding skills. Until he went to college, Forrest's toughest competition came in one-on-two matchups against his older brother Truitt and younger brother Jon, and in confrontations with his 6'7", 235-pound father Nelson, who played basketball at Grand Canyon from 1953 to 1955. The family connection is what ultimately led Bayard, as well as his two brothers, to select Grand Canyon. But for Bayard, by far the most talented member of the family, the decision involved extensive praying in an attempt to divine what he should do about scholarship offers from places such as Arizona State and the University of Hawaii.

"Like a lot of kids, I was interested in making it big in college," Forrest says. "I was considering quite a few schools and having a good time doing it, when my uncle called me in Oregon one day and suggested that I think about going to Grand Canyon, where he is the director of publications. I remember saying to him, 'Uncle Paul, I don't mean to laugh at you, but UCLA phoned me last night.' Still, his call did start me thinking about continuing my Christian education in college. Then Coach Lindsey gave me his ask-not-what-your-school-can-do-for-you speech, and I was sold on the idea of putting Grand Canyon on the map in basketball."

Still ultraconservative in many areas of life, as deeply religious youngsters tend to be, Forrest admits he is becoming more broad-minded as he grows older. In accordance with his religious beliefs, he does not smoke or drink but he says



GRAND CANYON'S FORREST

exactly what is on his mind, drives a dunc buggy and is growing a mustache. Still, the prospect of a lucrative pro basketball contract overwhelms Bayard's wife Peggy, who says, "We're too common to be rich."

If Forrest had been a star at an NAIA school like Grand Canyon or at an NCAA small college like Evansville during the mid-1960s, his career statistics of 18 points and 13 rebounds per game probably would not have attracted as much attention among pro scouts as they do today. Back then a steady stream of high-scoring, tough-rebounding small-college athletes, including Earl Monroe of Winston-Salem, Jerry Sloan of Evansville and Willis Reed of Gram-

bling, came into the NBA every year.

With the advent of the 2.0 rule, increased emphasis on winning in basketball at big-time football schools and nationwide racial integration, major-college recruiters now see to it that virtually all players of Forrest's caliber end up in the NCAA's Division I. As a consequence, the old pattern of four or five small-college players making it in the NBA every year does not hold anymore. There are scarcely a dozen regulars in the league now from small colleges, and few of them fall into the category of young players. The trend is especially pronounced among big men. Last year Elmore Smith (Kentucky State '71) was the only small-college center who started over the entire season for an NBA team.

Many Division I coaches argue that they cannot corner the market on tall men because the NCAA has limited their number of scholarship holders to 15. But Arizona State's Ned Walk, who nearly enticed Forrest to come to school across town in Tempe, admits, "The big guy who can play is never going to be the player who'll miss out on a scholarship when we have to reduce the size of our squads."

"I haven't totally given up on the idea of someday getting another one like Bayard," says Grand Canyon's Lindsey, an easygoing 36-year-old who has enjoyed a 77-15 record the last three years with Forrest in the middle. "I'm not optimistic about what's going to happen to our program when he leaves, but Bayard is the exception that proves the rule—a big kid who came to a little school for reasons other than bad grades or mediocre talent on the court."

Forrest is anything but mediocre around the basket. At tryouts for the U.S. Pan-Am team this summer he started onlookers by blocking a couple of slam-dunk attempts by Alabama's 6'10" All-America Leon Douglas. Major college centers Robert Parish of Centenary, Tree Rollins of Clemson and Rick Robey of Kentucky were the three privates chosen to make the trip to Mexico City, a decision Forrest does not dispute. His reason is that he sees himself as a team player. That is a point in Forrest's favor among the pros, who made him an early draft selection at the end of last season, even though it was anticipated that he would complete college. According to some NBA scouts, he is likely to be

picked in the first round next spring.

"I'm not much by myself. A team has to use me," Forrest says. "I'm a good post man. I can set a whale of a pick and I love to throw a good pass. I'm not a bad shooter and I work hard at rebounding and shot blocking. But I'm not going to set the world on fire in a one-on-one contest."

The accuracy of Forrest's self-appraisal is borne out by the fact that his coach still holds Grand Canyon's single-game scoring record (44 points), although Bayard has come close with outbursts of 38 and 36.

"We play such a controlled brand of offense that it would be tough for any of my players to break that record," says Lindsey, who is kidded about slowing things down solely for that purpose. "I think that's what you have to do to win in the NAIA. A lot of the teams we play think they can fast-break us to death. If our defense can take that away from them and our offense looks for a good shot, we can usually win by at least a point or two—even in some of these small towns we play in."

Kansas City's Kemper Arena held 8,526 fans last March when Grand Canyon knocked off high-scoring Alcorn A&M by 20 points in the semifinals. The Antelopes scored 88 points, considerably more than they usually do, because Forrest poured in 34 by making 16 of his 22 shots from the floor and both of his free throws. In the title game, Midwestern was beaten from the outset as Forrest dominated the opening minutes. He won the tip, took a return pass and hit a turnaround bank shot for a 2-0 lead. Then he dropped a pass off to Guard David Everett streaking down the lane and Grand Canyon led 4-0. A tip-in by Forrest made the score 6-0, and he again hit Everett in a crowd for a layup and an 8-0 margin. Kansas City fans always root for the underdog, and at that point Lindsey could not hear himself think. "Only about 10 of those people were from Phoenix, because none of our folks expected us to win," he says.

"Not even ourselves," adds his wife Gerry. "We had plane reservations home after every game."

But with Forrest jamming the middle on defense—his intimidating presence was a major reason why Midwestern missed 48 of 70 shots—the Antelopes never relinquished their opening lead.

Afterward at the team's hotel, Forrest did what every red-blooded American athlete does when he has just won the biggest game of his career. He proposed a toast, then joined his teammates as they drank to each other—with pink lemonade.

With Forrest back in the saddle, Grand Canyon should make it to Kansas City again, but defending its title without graduated Forwards Mike Haddow and Rod Hightower will not be easy. Kentucky State is once more the preseason favorite. However, the Thoroughbreds may be lured away from the NAIA tournament by an NIT bid, something for which they actively lobbied last year but did not receive. Alcorn is loaded with talent, including 6'7" John McGill, who edged Forrest for NAIA tournament scoring honors last year. Norfolk State, Murrymount (Kans.) and Fairmont State (W. Va.) are three teams that qualified for Kansas City last year and should be back. They could be joined among the contenders by newcomers Bethany Nazarene of Oklahoma and Pikeville of Kentucky. Two schools that boast capable big men, Illinois Wesleyan with 6'11" Jack Sikma and Wisconsin-Parkside with 6'9" Gary Cole, may challenge, assuming Cole has solved his academic problems and can remain eligible for the entire season. High-scoring Guard Larry Wright of Grambling also bears watching.

Virginia's Old Dominion, which won the NCAA Division II championship last spring, lost two starters, but 6'9" tournament MVP Wilson Washington, who scored 21 points and pulled down 12 rebounds in the title game, was not one of them. UT-Chattanooga, defeated by one point in the South Regional finals, is strong again with Wayne Golden (22.7 points per game) and William Gordon (20.1) returning along with the rest of the starting lineup. Lincoln (Mo.) and Akron will be in the running, but it will pay to keep an eye on Louisiana's Southern University. The Jaguars averaged nearly 105 points last year, mainly because of Guard Ron Barrow, who hit 23 of 36 shots in one game and led the division in scoring with a 30.7-point average. Now he is joined by Ohio's Mr. Basketball, 6'6" Frankie Sanders, who averaged 32.7 in high school last year. No problem: Southern will use two balls and shoot at the side baskets, too.

CONTINUED

## THE WOMEN

of centers who easily top six feet. Most of the contenders for the national title have such a pivotwoman, but none has the skills to match Harris, who is vastly improved as she enters her junior season.

While rival coaches spent the summer drawing up plans to stop Harris' accurate jumper and powerful inside moves, she was playing for the U.S. team in the world championships and Pan-American Games. "I told Lucy I'd help her with her defensive weaknesses if she promised not to use what she learned against us," says Cal State-Fullerton's Billie Moore, the assistant U.S. coach. Unfortunately for Moore and Delta's other challengers, Lucy is a quick study and was the most improved player on the American squad.

Harris' gentle, unassuming manner has won her as many fans away from the court as her reverse pivot shot has as a player. "If you don't like Lucy it's your own fault," says Delta Captain Wanda Harrison. "She is more than a superior basketball player," says the school president, Dr. Kent Wyatt. "She is a B+ student, a campus leader and goodwill ambassador for our university, the state of Mississippi and the country."

Last month Lucy was elected Delta State's homecoming queen, the first black (the coed campus is 88% white, and Harris is the only black on the basketball team) so honored, and on her return from the Pan-Am Games she was the recipient of another Delta first—her very own pep rally. A large portion of the 3,450 students crowded around the steps of the student union to shout, "L-U-C-Y, L-U-C-Y." After many speeches and an award from the alumni association, Harris shyly took the microphone. Her eyes were brimming with tears, but she smiled broadly as she thanked everyone. Then she retreated to the sidelines, where she shook her head in wonderment and said, "I never dreamed this could all happen. I just came here to play a little basketball and go to school."

Harris also has been honored back in Miner City (pop. 200), where a billboard has been erected proclaiming it the hometown of Mississippi's first woman All-America. Her father is a retired vegetable farmer who never earned much

money, and a phone stall is a luxury that the Harrises cannot afford. At Amanda Elzy High, Lucy was basketball captain and an All-State selection. That means something in Mississippi, which has one of the two best girls' basketball programs in the country, and it was no surprise that she attracted recruiters from Delta State, 24 miles and many cotton and rice fields down the road.

"Lucy takes coaching better than anyone I know, and her cool temper is amazing," says her coach, Margaret Wade. At times Harris' cool has been severely tested. "They stand on my feet, push me around, stretch my uniform out of shape and sometimes scratch me," she says. But the jersey grabbers have not beaten her since Delta State lost to Georgia's Mercer University in the 1974 AIAW regionals. Last year, with 4'11", 86-pound playmaker Debbie Brock and 15.6-point scorer Cornelia Ward at guards and forwards Ramona Von Boeckman and Hairston up front alongside Harris, the team beat everybody. Now, with all starters back and a stronger bench, opponents will discover just how un ladylike the Lady Statesmen can be.

But more than 600 colleges now play women's basketball and six-foot-plus centers play at many of them, so Delta State will find the competition tougher, too. Washington, D.C.'s Federal City, the only team to take the Lady Statesmen into overtime last season, has seven players returning, including 6'4" center Sheila (Too Tall) Patterson. Immaculata Coach Cathy Rush claims her current squad, which includes 6'4" frosh Sandy Miller, is the school's best ever, which suggests that the Mighty Mads should play in the NBA.

On the West Coast, Cal State-Fullerton again will feature smooth 6'2" center Nancy Dunkle and UCI A will be led by All-America Ann Meyers. Texas has two powerhouses, Wayland Baptist and Stephen F. Austin. In the Midwest, Kansas State and two Iowa giants, William Penn and Grand View College, will fight it out. Other title contenders will be New York's Queens College, Southern Connecticut and Delta's arch rival, Mississippi College. "We could lose three games but quick right here in Mississippi," says Wade. That is just one more indication of the rapidly intensifying rivalry in women's basketball.

—NANCY WILLIAMSON



DELTA STATE'S LUCY HARRIS

**A**s 6'3" and 185 pounds, Larva (Lucy) Harris is a towering talent who last year led Mississippi's Delta State University to the only unbeaten record (28-0) in women's or men's—college basketball and the championship of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women. And while the 19-year-old sophomore center was scoring 25.3 points per game, making 65.3% of her shots and pulling in 400 rebounds, she also was Exhibit A in a trend that is sweeping the women's game.

As has been the case in men's basketball for three decades, it now is almost impossible to win among the women without a big center. In 1972, '73 and '74, 5'11" Theresa Shank led Pennsylvania's Immaculata College to successive national titles by dominating the sport with her height and strength. Now, only two years later, Shank would be considered undersized among a new generation

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# Football's Week

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## MIDWEST

"After I got by the line of scrimmage I had to almost look for people to tackle me," said Kansas Fullback Dennis Wright, who scored on a pair of 20-yard, up-the-middle runs in the Jayhawks' 42-24 victory over Missouri. There was a reason for all that daylight: Kansas took Ken Downing, the Tigers' all-conference cornerback, out of harm's way by continually putting a running back in motion. By isolating Downing and by double-teaming the Missouri nose guard, Kansas opened things up. Nonetheless, the Tigers had a 10-0 lead before the Jayhawks broke loose. The loosest Kansan, Halfback Laverne Smith, ran for 236 yards in 15 carries and in a 2½ minute span during the third period had scoring jaunts of 67 and 56 yards. In that quarter the Jayhawks gained 304 yards and scored 21 points. All in all, Kansas gained 626 yards—556 on the ground—with a wishbone offense similar to the one Alabama used when it was upset 20-7 by Missouri on the season's opening weekend. This time the wishbone worked. The victory put Kansas into the Sun Bowl against Pittsburgh.

Colorado's Billy Waddy took the opening kickoff 100 yards for a touchdown and the Buffaloes went on to whip Kansas State 33-7. Terry Miller scored twice as Oklahoma State toppled Iowa State 14-7.

Tony Dungy tied a Big Ten season record for touchdown passes, completing his 13th as Minnesota beat Wisconsin 24-3. Lonnie Perrin scored four times and rushed for 174 yards to help Illinois down Northwestern 28-7. Levi Jackson picked up 180 yards rushing and Charlie Baggett ran for two touchdowns and passed for another as Michigan State squeaked by Iowa 27-23. Indiana lost to Purdue 9-7 despite the running of Courtney Snyder, who set a Hoosier single-game record by gaining 211 yards.

Toledo's Gene Swick scored three touchdowns, passed for 286 yards and ran for 48 in a 33-28 defeat of Kent State, surpassing the alltime NCAA career to-

tal-offense mark of Stanford's Jim Plunkett (7,887 yards) with 8,074.

Miami of Ohio beat Cincinnati 21-13, and Ohio University stopped Marshall 38-21.

1. Ohio State (10-0)

2. Oklahoma (10-1) 3. Michigan (8-1-3)

## EAST

"When I get home, I'm going to church real quick-like," said Coach Joe Paterno following Penn State's harrowing 7-6 defeat of Pittsburgh. His defense had "limited" Tony Dorsett to 125 yards in 28 carries, yielding the only Pitt touchdown on a 37-yard burst by Elliott Walker. Paterno was also thankful that two of his assistants had been insistent. It seems J.T. White and Gregg Ducatte had noticed that the Panther center tipped off his snap on placekicks by lowering his head, something they felt they could take advantage of even if Paterno did not put much stock in their scheme. Ducatte alerted Halfback Tommy Odell, a good high jumper, that he might be able to block a PAT kick by Carson Long by hurtling over the head-down center. That is what Odell tried after the Panthers scored in the second period, and Long's kick hit him in the chest. It was Long's first miss after making 60 straight.

Paterno had little going for him on offense until he inserted freshman Quarterback Chuck Fusina in the third quarter. Fusina took the Nittany Lions 69 yards for the tying touchdown, which Tailback Steve Geise scored on a 29-yard dash with 8:18 remaining. Chris Bahr adding the extra point. What a hectic day it was for Long. In the morning his wife gave birth to a daughter. In the afternoon Long not only had his PAT blocked but missed three field-goal attempts in the last five minutes: from the 41, the 13 and a 45-yarder with nine seconds to go.

Playing at home, Syracuse built a 17-0 lead over West Virginia, then hung on to preserve a 20-19 victory. A 54-yard touchdown run by Keith Moody on a

punt return and a 48-yard field goal by Dave Jacobs helped the Orangemen build their early lead.

As always, there were many whimsical sidelights to The Game, in which Harvard came to Yale to settle the Ivy League race. Members of the staff of the humor magazine, *The Yale Record*, went to Cambridge earlier in the week, passed themselves off as Harvard students, nabbed a large Varsity banner and hung it upside down in front of Yale's Sterling Library. The political science departments of the schools had a game of their own. Yale, possibly inspired by cheers of "Clap your hands, stamp your feet. We want blood on every cleat," prevailed 21-0 and gained possession of the Cooperman Cup, a cracked teacup.

Then came the 100th meeting of the Elis and the Crimson. Stone Phillips put Yale in front with a five-yard run, after which came the halftime festivities. Harvard has long claimed it has the world's largest drum. So Yale produced a one-foot drum and a 10-foot drumstick. In the third quarter Harvard tied matters at 7-all on a two-yard plunge by Tom (Apple Juice) Winn. Late in the game Harvard's Jim Kubacki hit Bob McDermott for 21 yards on a fourth-and-12 pass. That put the ball on the Yale 14, and with 33 seconds left, Mike Lynch booted a 26-yard field goal that gave Harvard its first undisputed championship in the 20 years there has been, officially, an Ivy League.

Quarterbacks led Brown, Penn and Dartmouth to other Ivy wins. Bob Bateman scored three touchdowns and passed for two others as the Bruins bopped Columbia 48-13. Bob Graustein accounted for four TDs as the Quakers outlasted Cornell 27-21. Mike Brait scored once and combined with Tom Fleming on touchdown passes of 70 and 85 yards to enable the Big Green to get past Princeton 21-16.

Temple drubbed Drake 44-7 as Don Bitterlich broke the NCAA record for consecutive conversions, kicking five to bring his total to 82. Bitterlich also made good on three of four field-goal attempts to tie the NCAA season mark of 19 and equal another for total points scored, kicking: 84.

Rutgers gained 706 yards in its 56-14 defeat of Colgate. Glen Capriola ran for 160 yards as Boston College held off stubborn Massachusetts 24-14. Lehigh and Lafayette played for the 111th time, more

continued

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#### COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

often than any other two teams, the Engineers winning 40-14 to bring their record to 9-2.

1. Penn State (9-2)

2. Pittsburgh (7-4) 3. Syracuse (9-4)

**SOUTHWEST** There is nothing quite like going to the locker room at halftime with a whopping big lead—except returning there to savor victory at game's end. Baylor's halftime joy and 23-0 advantage over Southern Methodist disappeared in a 34-31 loss. Chuck Benefield guided the Mustangs to their stunning win, throwing four passes for touchdowns and scoring one himself.

Arkansas had a big margin at the half, too—24-0 over Texas Tech—but did not fritter it away. Final score, 31-14. The Razorbacks are bowl-bound, for the Cotton if Texas A&M stops Texas this week and Arkansas beats the Aggies the following week. If not, Arkansas will go to the Liberty Bowl to face USC.

SMU and Arkansas relished their Southwest Conference triumphs, but it is doubtful that they were more elated than Texas Christian. By overcoming Rice 28-21, the Horned Frogs ended college football's longest losing streak at 20 games.

Houston had a 10-0 lead over Florida State, but wound up a 33-22 loser. Steve Myer of New Mexico accounted for four touchdowns in a 52-28 licking of New Mexico State. Small-college power Texas A&I extended the country's longest winning streak to 24 games by whipping Southwest Texas 28-8.

1. Texas A&M (9-0)

2. Texas (9-1) 3. Arkansas (8-2)

**SOUTH** One thousand, two hundred and twenty-nine yards—that was the total amassed by both teams as Maryland routed Virginia 62-24 to win its second straight Atlantic Coast Conference title. The Terps set ACC records with 802 yards gained, 582 yards rushing and 8.7 yards per rush. Five players ran for more than 100 yards. Rick Jennings, Steve Atkins and Jamie Franklin of the Terps; Scott Gardner and Billy Copeland of the Cavaliers. North Carolina fought Duke to a 17-17 ACC standoff.

Jeff Grantz had a hand in six touchdowns as South Carolina crushed Clemson 36-20, thus becoming the national TD leader with a total of 28. He has run

for 12 and passed for 16. Teammate Clarence Williams ran for 160 yards, giving him 1,011 for the year.

Notre Dame closed out an 8-3 season with a 32-9 trouncing of Miami in the Orange Bowl before 24,944, the smallest crowd to see an Irish game in 30 years. The Notre Dame defense devastated the Hurricanes, causing four fumbles, stealing two passes, forcing a safety and sacking quarterbacks six times. Said Coach Dan Devine: "This has been one of the happiest years of my life."

A 17-13 victory over Kentucky probably saved Tennessee Coach Bill Battle's job for another year. Helping to keep him gainfully employed were Stanley Morgan, who ran 80 yards for a touchdown, and a defense that clumped down after the Wildcats had come back from a 17-0

#### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Toledo Quarterback Gene Swick became the first college player ever to top 8,000 yards in total offense—he finished at 8,614—passing and running for 334 yards to lead the Rockets to a 33-28 victory over Kent State.

**DEFENSE:** Syracuse Linebacker Ray Patton was in on 22 tackles and twice thwarted PAT tries to save a 20-19 upset of West Virginia, first by intercepting a pass and, after a penalty nullified that play, stopping a fast-ditch run.

deficit. Kentucky's Sonny Collins, the Southeastern Conference's alltime rushing leader, did not start, and when he did get in was limited to 53 yards on 13 carries.

Steve Lavinghouse kicked two field goals as Mississippi downed Mississippi State 13-7. LSU's opportunistic defense set up four touchdowns in a 42-6 win over Tulane. William and Mary upset Richmond 31-21 in the Southern Conference.

1. Alabama (9-1)

2. Georgia (8-2) 3. Florida (8-2)

**WEST** "We dug our own grave early with those bad punts," lamented Stanford Coach Jack Christiansen after being howled over by California 48-15. The interment began when the first Cardinal punt fluttered a mere 18 yards; the second went but 32. Chief gravedigger for Cal was its supereative trilback, Chuck Muncie. It was Muncie who scored on a seven-yard pass from Joe Roth after Stanford's first punt. And it

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was Muncie who scored on a 16-yard run after the second punt. And it was Muncie who ran for two more touchdowns and a total of 166 yards, caught three more passes and even threw once himself—for 46 yards and another TD. But the Golden Bears will go to the Rose Bowl only if USC knocks off UCLA on Friday night. So Muncie figured his work was not yet done. "I'm going to fly down there and root for USC," he said.

Up in Seattle, Washington State had a fourth-and-one on the Washington 14, but it did not seem such a big deal. After all, the Cougars led 27-14 with 3:01 left. Surely Coach Jim Sweeney would call for a field-goal attempt. Sweeney wanted to, but his players convinced him they could cash in on a pass. So he permitted them to try what he later referred to as a "riverboat gambler's" call. Washington Safety AJ Burleson picked off the pass and scampered 93 yards for a touchdown. A minute later the Cougars were, well, Moonstruck. Warren Moon of the Huskies tossed a pass into heavy traffic 28 yards downfield, where it was deflected off a defender's hands and into those of freshman End Spider Gaines, who galloped another 50 yards into the end zone. Steve Robbins' extra point capped the comeback and gave the Huskies a 28-27 win.

Arizona smothered Utah 38-14 in Tucson. The Wildcats gained 567 yards and even got a touchdown from Punter Dennis Anderson, who decided to run rather than kick on fourth down and went 63 yards. The Wildcats will undertake to clinch a share of the Western AC title this week when they square off against undefeated Arizona State. The winner of that game will go into the Fiesta Bowl against Nebraska.

The running of Herb Lusk vs. the passing of Craig Penrose: that was the billing for the Long Beach State-San Diego State game. Lusk zipped and darted for 183 yards in 24 carries, one a 66-yard touchdown, as the 49ers defeated the Aztecs 21-17. Penrose got a consolation prize, however, becoming the third Aztec in five years to lead the nation in completed passes. By hitting on 24 of 44 tosses for 251 yards, Penrose finished with 198 completions, eight more than Gene Swick of Toledo and Steve Myer of New Mexico.

1. Arizona State (10-0)  
2. UCLA (7-2-1) 3. California (6-3)

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## The search for a few warm bodies

**AAU officials came up with some odd heavies to face the Russians**

Perhaps it has something to do with the season, these long months between the Pan-Am Games and next summer's Olympics. Possibly it is tune-up time for Soviet athletes. Whatever the reason, the bulls are alive with touring Russians, and hardly had the U.S.S.R. basketball team concluded its 14-game swing around the country (SI, Nov. 24) when along came 11 Red heavyweights. Nobody really seemed to know exactly why they were here. Not an awful lot of people seemed to care.

The thing that saved the one-week, three-city tour was not the high caliber of boxing, it was the element of low comedy. If the U.S. suffers one certifiable shortage, it is in amateur heavyweight

fighters. Soviet officials, on the other hand, estimate that Russia has some 650 in that class. And the disparity was evident from the moment the Red team moved into New York's Madison Square Garden for the opening match.

Top U.S. amateur Michael Dokes, 18, national AAU champ and silver medalist in the recent Pan-Am Games, was conspicuously absent, reportedly suffering from a hairline jaw fracture. That shifted the burden to No. 2-ranked amateur Jimmy Clark, 1975 New York Golden Gloves champ, a peppery 196-pounder from West Chester, Pa.

Problem was, Clark was scheduled to face none other than Igor Vasotsky, the 204-pounder who a year ago had outpointed the estimable Teofilo Stevenson, Cuba's Olympic and Pan-Am gold medalist. Garden officials talked hopefully, even confidently, of matching Vasotsky with Muhammad Ali, amateur against pro, to settle all the world's titles. And, sure enough, no sooner had he bounded out of his corner than Clark was knocked flat by the big Russian. It was the first time the American had been jolted off his feet in all his 46 fights. But Clark arose, bleeding from a cut alongside his left eye, and walloped the borscht out of Vasotsky. By 1:46 of Round 3 the Russian also was bleeding, above both eyes, and the referee stopped the fight and gave the decision to Clark. For the rest

of the tour, nobody talked about fighting Ali, especially Vasotsky. The New York engagement ended six bouts to four in favor of the U.S.

Someone, Lord knows who, had promised the Russians an all-new U.S. team for stop No. 2 in Cincinnati, though it had become a matter of open speculation as to where one could turn up more U.S. amateur heavyweights. That's when officials went to the Stateville Correctional Center at Joliet, Ill. and came back with 238-pound Floyd "Jumbo" Cummings, who has 19-inch upper arms and is serving a 50- to 75-year sentence for murder (SI, April 28). So much for an all-new team. Cummings went after opponent Mikhail Subbotin as if he had been threatened with solitary confinement if he didn't knock out his man immediately. But Subbotin, not noticeably alarmed, countered with long spearing jabs. Eventually both men grew weary, and the strange encounter was stopped, with the Russian cut and Cummings having trouble lifting his arms. He went back to his cell a victor.

The next most celebrated U.S. fighter was Marvin Stinson, a silver medalist in the 1974 World Games in Havana, who beat Sergei Plisov on a decision. After that, the roof fell in. Chicagoan Daron Anthony stepped up to face Victor Ivanov of Donetsk, all jawline and dark curls, the one the Russians call "our great young hope." The erect, stolid 19-year-old Ivanov scored his second straight Round 1 knockout. Next, Victor Ulyanch won handily, sending American Lane Hammond bouncing off the canvas three times. Then Eugeny Gorskoy beat John Tate, who did not seem enthusiastic about filling out the U.S. team, and finally Anatoly Klimanov played left-hooking Frankie Williams like a pinball machine, popping in points after point to the body. The Cincinnati final score: 7 to 2.

Off they went to Las Vegas and, again, off went U.S. officials in search of large, warm fighters. As belts that neon Mecca, long black limousines and long-legged show girls carrying carnations were at the airport to pick up the Russians. The Sahara Hotel presented each fighter with \$6 in nickels for fighting the slot machines.

Forty hours before the bouts were to start, the U.S. was down to three men

*continued*

SWINGING A ROUNDHOUSE THAT STARTED IN SAMOA, VAJAO SUAFOA DROPS HIS MAN





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### BOXING continued

who had promised to appear, at least. Star attraction Jimmy Clark couldn't suit up; the cuts from his New York fight had not healed. Gerald Cooney, who had scored a one-round knockout over Nikolay Aksymov at the Garden, had packed his bags for Nevada but discovered, possibly upon attempting to pick them up, that he had an injured hand. And Joliet officials apparently were determined not to let Jumbo Cummings quite that far out of his cell.

So on Saturday afternoon as the crowd assembled, out of the AAU dragnet stepped Richard Shaner, a 22-year-old from Phoenix, whose record was 6-0, seemingly ready to face Ivanov, a veteran of 53 fights, 42 of them victories. Fifty seconds later the referee mercifully stopped it.

Then along came another U.S. surprise, one Valio Suafou. The 209-pound Samoan professed to have 50 knockouts in 58 fights, but where—and against whom—nobody seemed to know. Never changing expression, Suafou leaped after the retreating Sergei Plisov, stirring both excitement and astonishment. "Hit him Samoa," yelled one punster and, sure enough, at 2:28 of the second round, Suafou unloaded a roundhouse that ended Plisov's day.

Subbotin, the man who had lost to Jumbo Cummings, this time held off a lesser boxing light, Ron Barton, stopping him in Round 2. Next came baby-faced George Chaplin of Baltimore, who had fought only 12 times, against Alexandr Nikulin, with 111 bouts. The Russian was as tough as expected, but Chaplin came on in the final round with strong combinations and outpointed his man. "Give him another 10 fights," said AAU Boxing Chairman Rolly Schwartz, "and everybody will be afraid of him."

And so the tour faded. Henry Koopman, 8-2, obviously out of shape, offered up his face to Eugeny Gorsikov, then retired in the second round. Stinson and Ulyanich ended the program on a note of mutual respect, by now old rivals and old friends. After all, Ulyanich had won in New York and now Stinson won in Las Vegas.

Ulyanich allowed as how he sure would like to see Stinson in the coming Olympics. Stinson allowed as how he'd like to make it. And in three cities across the country, everybody allowed as how we sure could use a lot more heavyweights.

END



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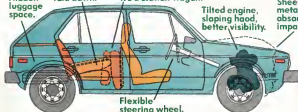
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## L.A. wins by trading up

The Bucks had a problem. The Lakers took it off their hands. Now the Lakers' main difficulty is finding the words to fit their good fortune

Bill Sharman does not need another assistant coach to help him run the Los Angeles Lakers. Nor do his problems have to do with things like Gail Goodrich playing out his option or Don Ford's injured right thigh or Corky Calhoun's reluctance to shoot. His big headache is finding the proper new words after each game to describe the play of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. What Bill Sharman needs is an adjective coach.

Already this season he has described his prize acquisition as "amazing," "consistently outstanding," "heavenly," "devastating," "a leader" and "a great passer." The Los Angeles press has added "awesome," and "sensational." "Super" is sure to follow. And "towering"—we must not forget towering. Perhaps Sharman should keep a copy of Roger's *Thesaurus* in his office alongside his NBA rule book—do you like "ineffable"?—but even so, the English language (not to mention Kareem's opponents) may be exhausted before the season is half over, and we'll be hearing "magnificent" and "extraordinary."

Reporters and coaches and teammates and opponents have been struggling to find words for Abdul-Jabbar for a long time now, but this year it has been especially tough. Through Saturday night he was leading the Lakers in scoring, rebounding, blocked shots, steals, shooting percentage and playing time and was second in assists. Against Phoenix one night in the Forum he blocked a shot, grabbed the ball, dribbled the length of the court, put in a fancy layup and was fouled. He missed the free throw, so the adjective "perfect" was shelved temporarily.

The trade that brought Kareem and Walt Wesley (since waived) to Los Angeles from Milwaukee in exchange for Elmore Smith, Brian Winters, Dave Meyers and Junior Bridgeman is looking awfully good. Optimists are sure of playoffs; super optimists are thinking NBA title.

Now, Milwaukee General Manager Wayne Embry, who traded the big cen-

ter away, is not an imbecile. He knew that Abdul-Jabbar is the most effective player in the sport, maybe the most effective in the *history* of the sport. But Abdul-Jabbar did not like living in Milwaukee and had made clear his intention of playing out his option, meaning he would have played for the Bucks two more seasons and then been free to deal himself to New York, his first choice, or L.A., where he starred for UCLA on three NCAA championship teams.

Bothered by injuries and dissatisfied both with the city and with Coach Larry Costello's elaborate system, Abdul-Jabbar did not play his best in '74-'75, and the Bucks finished last in the Midwest Division. For the first time since he was a rookie, he did not make the NBA All-Star team, and Embry decided that it would be "unfair to our team and our fans to prolong the situation."

The Lakers, in the dumps after having missed the playoffs and figuring that they could not take the time to rebuild slowly in a city that demands championship contenders, had the youthful goods to satisfy the Bucks: Smith, a 7-foot center, Winters, a good second-year shooting guard from the University of South Carolina, Meyers, a 6'9" rookie forward from UCLA who could become one of the NBA's finest centers; and 6'5" swingman Bridgeman, a rookie from Louisville. Considering his dilemma, it is hard to see how Embry could have done better.

But it was L.A. that ended up with the human franchise, the "Kareem of the crop" as Buck broadcaster Eddie Doucette had named him, the 7'2" superstar who could puke the Forum and maybe mean the championship. Sharman, who played with Bill Russell and coached Wilt Chamberlain, has come to appreciate Abdul-Jabbar as he never did when coaching against him.

"The way he blocked six, seven, eight shots and got 20 rebounds most every game, I felt he was playing terrific defense," says Sharman. "And I thought



MONEY IN THE BANK: A KAREEM LAYUP

to myself, 'That was a good night,' and 'That was another good night.'

"But now it's *every* night. And it hits me. He has the things Russell had: the timing, the jumping, the reactions to be able to block two, three or four shots in a row, the quick outlet pass to the first guard or the baseball pass downcourt.

"He's just doing everything: picking up all the players who drive, switching from one side of the court to the other, covering all kinds of ground, reacting exactly the way Russell reacted."

On the other end of the floor, Sharman says, he never had any doubts: "Let's face it, Kareem can do things offensively that Wilt and Russell never could. The point I'm trying to make is that he's definitely in their class defensively, too."

Abdul-Jabbar does other things. Sharman loves to see his teams run, but there can be no fast break without the big man who gets the defensive rebound. And Ab-

richmond

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dul-Jabbar continues to play unselfishly, nearly always looking for the Laker cutting toward the hoop rather than seeking a shooting opportunity for himself. If a teammate pops free, he gets the pass, and Goodrich is one of the league's best at getting open without the ball. If the man with the ball is in trouble, Abdul-Jabbar sprints out from the key to where he can take a rescue pass.

"I think I'm playing really well," he says. He has become much more friendly and articulate than in his "uh, you know" days. "I think my experience is really starting to count for a lot. Plus, I have a green light as far as innovating. It's more open, more free lance here. I don't mean to knock Larry [Costello], but here you don't get yelled at if you don't run the play perfectly."

Abdul-Jabbar cannot win any championships by himself, of course, any more than Russell, Chamberlain or George Mikan could. But he has talented help. Though Goodrich is reportedly several fortunes apart from Laker management

in his salary demands, he complements his big center well with his quickness and outside shooting. Lucius Allen, the other starting guard, has won championships with Abdul-Jabbar at two previous stops, UCLA and Milwaukee. Ford, a 6'9" rookie forward with speed, has already picked up the Rick Barry knack of knowing just when to zoom off on the break. Cazzie Russell and ABA refugee Donnie Freeman have mastered the art of coming off the bench and getting into the flow of the game right away, or maybe even stepping up the tempo.

The combination has been successful so far, especially at home in the Forum, where the Lakers had won seven straight going into last Friday night's game against their old friends from Milwaukee. The Bucks had just come in from Phoenix, where with the aid of some nice plays by Meyers they beat the Suns 96-94. Winters had scored 20 points and gotten a team-high nine rebounds.

The Bucks managed to play the Lakers even for a half, though Abdul-Jab-

bar was his usual dominating self in the middle, but in the third and fourth quarters two L.A. substitutes made the difference. Calhoun, a defensive specialist, put the clamps on Milwaukee's hot shooter, Bob Dandridge. And Freeman, who played with the San Antonio Spurs last season, supplied both defense and a jump shot he drilled through the hoop for 18 second-half points.

L.A. won 116-104, increased its home winning streak to eight and became the first team in the NBA to win 11 games.

And Abdul-Jabbar? A run-of-the-mill working night for him: 48 minutes, 12 of 15 shots and six of 20 free throws for 30 points, 19 rebounds, three steals, three blocked shots, six assists. When asked about this, Sharman just grinned and shrugged and shook his head—three adjectives in mime that were as good as any.

Embry was on hand, too, with compliments for the big guy, but he was not in mourning.

"You'll hear from us," he promised. "You'll hear from us."

END

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# THE DAY THE MONEY



# RAN OUT

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

When the ailing World Football League expired during its second season, the wake brought many memories and some good laughs



**T**here is nothing left of the World Football League but the pieces—pieces of avarice, pieces of bombast, bits of buffoonery, scraps of melancholy, shards of black humor, shreds of dead dreams. All around there is breakage. Perhaps these pieces—disparate, disconnected, scattered—can be put together to tell a more coherent story of this shattered venture than ever existed while it was whole. Perhaps not. It is possible the WFL was not held together by enough intrinsic logic to qualify as coherent. Nevertheless, as a parting salute to an idea that was launched with all the promise of a zeppelin cast in zinc, here is the obituary of the World Football League, in random arrangement of the broken pieces—high points, low points, jokes—

*continued*

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RANDO

which all together may help illuminate the dark and crazy 15 months the WFL was with us.

King Corcoran was a flashy quarterback with the Philadelphia Bell who never viewed the WFL as a first-class operation. He recalled one day this season: "We were in a yellow school bus, clunking along to the stadium to play the Southern California Sun. My God, the bus shook and the back door was open. We tried to get inside the stadium, but the guard wouldn't let us past. He thought we were migrant workers—honest. Finally, Louis Ross, one of our defensive linemen, opened his shirt and showed the guard a Bell T shirt. Then, when we started to get out of the bus, the back door broke open and two or three players fell out like cartoon characters.

"To save money we always seemed to arrive at a hotel at one in the morning and then play the game, leaving as soon as we showered. Once we flew commercial to Portland and the flight back made eight stops. It was brutal. Then we got on a bus in Philadelphia and it broke down and we had to get out, carry our bags and hitchhike. Can you imagine the Eagles doing that?"

There were two World Football Leagues—WFL I was around in 1974, WFL II in 1975. The difference was profound. WFL I was flamboyant, colorful, frequently dishonest, a bad credit risk. It was led by the high-rolling California lawyer Gary Davidson, a small, slight man who organizes sports leagues as if they were neighborhood poker games—the World Hockey Association, the American Basketball Association, WFL I and, currently, World Professional Bowling. At the start the teams in WFL I were the New York Stars, the Chicago Fire, the Portland Storm, the Southern California Sun, the Washington Ambassadors, the Birmingham Americans, the Toronto Northmen, the Houston Texans, the Detroit Wheels, the Jacksonville Sharks, the Honolulu Hawaiians and the Philadelphia Bell. Davidson predicted that before the decade was out there would be WFL teams in Tokyo, Madrid, London, Munich, Paris, Düsseldorf, Rome, Mexico City and Stockholm. He was wrong, of course.

WFL I not only failed to expand to the capitals of the world, it lost most of its foothold in North American metropolises: New York became Charlotte, Toronto became Memphis, Washington became Florida after a short stay in Virginia, Houston became Orlando, Fla., the Detroit Wheels went flat and the Chicago Fire was put out before the season ended.

WFL I launched several interesting innovations in the rules, including the seven-point touchdown, the "action point" (which was scored by a run or a pass, but never a kick); allowing an offensive back to be in motion toward the line of scrimmage before the snap; an extra period to eliminate ties; and the Day-Glo WFL football. Some WFL I people lied about attendance figures, bounced checks, and produced first-class gallows humor. For example, the Portland Storm had been effectively reduced to a light breeze through inept management and various forms of payroll chicanery, and the players used to joke that a) they would receive food stamps on road trips instead of team meals, b) they would be required to save the tape used on their ankles so it might be used again and again, and c) to reduce fuel costs they would use paper airplanes to fly to their games. WFL I lasted through a 20-game season in 1974, then vanished in a tumult of bad checks and angry players, leaving some \$20 million in debts.

In contrast, WFL II paid its bills on time, had an established credit rating and generally showed all the moves and color of a bank director's meeting. The new commissioner was Chris Hemmeyer, whose plan to save the league had to do with paying players in relation to game attendance—or something terribly responsible like that. This made fascinating reading for followers of sowbelly futures and other mysterious financial doings. Hemmeyer once defined the essence of his public personality by saying, "My thrill is getting on an airplane and not being recognized." WFL II plodded responsibly on through 13 weeks of the 1975 season before it died of not being recognized.

The owner of the Memphis Southern, John Bassett, was always uncommonly open (if a little arcane) when he spoke about the WFL's possibilities. He told

Kenneth Denlinger of *The Washington Post*, "If you want to look at the WFL optimistically, you can make a hell of a story. If you want to look at the situation pessimistically, you can make a hell of a story. If you want to look at things realistically, you've got a problem."

Later he told Skip Myslenki of *Knight Newspapers*, "Having a team in the WFL is kind of like having a blind date. Some guys end up marrying the girl they meet on a blind date, other guys go to the door, say they're sick and leave. Who knows?"

Reflecting on the dismal realities of '74 on the eve of the '75 season, Bassett said, "It's like a brand-new car. Once you've wrecked it, no matter how well it's fixed up it's never the same."

Jack Kelly, president of the Philadelphia Bell early in the WFL's first year, recalled an incident before a game between the Bell and the then New York Stars (later the Charlotte Hornets): "A police van backed into a chain link fence and broke it, and 5,000 people ran in for nothing. Then, when the ticket lines got too long, people were giving ticket takers a back to look the other way. That was money that went in the ticket takers' pocket, money we never saw, money we really needed."

Mike Gaddings, head coach of the Honolulu Hawaiians during both seasons, recalled, "The league always seemed a little tentative to me. Last year when we got to Orlando for our first road game, we went to the stadium and found them just cementing in the goal posts." After the Hawaiians' first road game of 1975, at Jacksonville, players were showering when a storm knocked out the electricity in their locker room. The players calmly assumed this was merely a cost-saving measure by the league, and Gaddings quietly ordered a bus driver to pull up to the locker room windows and shine the headlights through them so they could finish dressing.

In November 1974 the uniforms and equipment of the Charlotte Hornets were seized by sheriff's deputies after a game with the Shoreport Steamer. A cleaner claimed he was due \$26,216 for debts incurred when the team was still the New York Stars. The players worked out in

shorts until team owners posted a bond for the uniforms in time for the next game, but not before a spate of bad jokes had been loosed, including one that the Hornets would be reduced to a single play from now on—a naked reverse.

The Detroit Wheels lasted a total of 14 weeks in WFL I. The team had a 1-13 record, which led *Detroit News* columnist Jerry Green to suggest they be renamed the Hubeaps, since they are so much easier to rip off. Though it was a Detroit team in name, it played all of its home games 37 miles away in Ypsilanti. The coach of the Wheels was a decent fellow named Danny Boisture, a businessman who had previously made his living selling screwdrivers and pliers to the automotive industry. Earlier in his career, Boisture had been the football coach at Eastern Michigan University.

One of a multitude of low points for Boisture and the Wheels was recorded by Jerry Green: "There were theatrics on the night of Aug. 14, 1974 in the stadium at Ypsilanti. A guy in blue made a one-hand stab. His graceful but of acrobatics prompted the assemblage of 14,424—officially announced—to emit a throaty roar.

"Hey, what was all that cheering up there?" asked Dan Boisture in the locker-room postmortem that pro football coaches always conduct. This game had been a 37-7 loss to the Memphis Southmen, and he was not quite accustomed to cheers from the grandstand. But there had been the leaping one-hand stab by the guy in blue.

"Frisbee," a sympathetic individual told Boisture. "The fans were sailing a Frisbee back and forth throughout the third quarter."

"Oh, that breaks our hearts a little," said Boisture."

Heartbreak was the name of the game for the Wheels. They dealt in tough luck and ineptitude from their inception when they failed to sign 33 of their 36 choices in the original WFL draft. Four months before the first game, the Wheels sent out a public call for people—anyone—to play on the team. No less than 665 men turned up to try out. One brought his wife in a fur coat and another handed Boisture a note that read, "I'd really like to be a football player, but if I can't make the team, I'd settle for water boy." Not

continued

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one of the 665 made the team—not even as water boy.

The Bell's Executive Vice-President, Barry Leib, assured himself a place in sports history after his team's first two games of 1974 when he announced paid attendance at JFK Stadium to be \$5,534 for the opener and 64,719 for the second contest. This was considered astonishing, an enormously hopeful sign for the WFL. Unfortunately, a short time later it was revealed that most of the people in the stadium were there on free tickets—the house was papered. Actual paid attendance was 13,855 and 6,200. This came to be known as the Great Papergate Scandal. Leib confessed, "What can I say? I lied. I never thought those figures would come out. I admit I lied to reporters. I never regarded a reporter as a priest."

Rick Eber, a swift wide receiver for the Shreveport Steamer, had four catches for 91 yards, including the winning touchdown, against Philadelphia one afternoon in 1974. This was all the more impressive in that it was raining and the field was a swamp. Eber was playing with tacks taped to his fingers. "They're small tacks," he said. "I can close my hand and the tacks won't even break the skin. They just drag on the ball. I knew it was illegal, but we needed a win."

In 1974 the Birmingham Americans won the World Bowl (the WFL's Super Bowl) and led the league in attendance with a 43,000 per game average, but Owner Bill Putnam ran out of money because he was paying such ridiculously huge bonuses to NFL players who promised to jump to his team. (He gave Ken Stabler \$110,000.) He owed everyone money, including the Internal Revenue Service, which tried to take over the player contracts and sell them to the highest bidder in order to get some of the money Putnam owed. The players were not paid for the last five weeks of the season. Before the championship game, which Birmingham won 22-21 over the Florida Blazers, Coach Jack Gotta paid for the team's pregame meal out of his own pocket. After the game, sheriff's deputies moved right into the locker room to repossess the uniforms as soon as the champions took them off.

The Chicago Fire was an amazing team. It drew 27,000 spectators per game during WFL I in spite of a 12-game losing streak. In WFL II the Fire was reorganized and renamed the Wind. The Wind's vice-president in charge of football operations, Frank Mariani, boasted at the time about "how beautifully organized" Wind was compared to Fire. After five games, however, the league front office ordered the Wind expelled, because two of its major investors had pulled out, and when Mariani was asked who these two were, he replied, "It was George and Rich from California. I don't know their last names, but one's an Arab and the other's a Greek."

Larry Grantham, formerly of the New York Jets and Florida Blazers, who was a coaching assistant for the San Antonio Wings, has this favorite anecdote from WFL I: "We hadn't been paid for some time and we were out on the field getting ready to play a game. We flipped the coin, won the toss and elected to keep the coin."

When the Chicago Wind was trying to sign Joe Namath, the team owner, Gene Pullano, and Namath's attorney, Jammy Walsh, were hammering away at the deal. We can imagine this exchange taking place:

Pullano: O.K., four million.

Walsh: Five million. And the uniforms have to be green and white.

Pullano: You got it.

Walsh: And a blonde chauffeur for Joe, who's going to wear a tuxedo.

Pullano: You got it.

Walsh: And the car has to be a Rolls-Royce. A Silver Cloud.

Pullano: You got it.

Walsh: And it has to be a convertible. Pullano (*exasperated*): Listen, I'll tell you what, I'll give you a car opener and you can cut the top off it, O.K.?

Eddie Einhorn had the WFL's television franchise in the 1974 season. He was not impressed with the results, although he did "finish in the black," and he did not renew the contract for 1975. Einhorn said, "It started off very strong. We sold over half of it before the season started because of all the hullabaloo. The ratings were good, and we expected a second wave of orders to come in and then

we would make real good money. However, after about the fifth week the New York franchise moved. Then that scandal in Philadelphia. The first thing that got the credibility of the league in trouble was that phonying of the attendance. From that day, and the day the Stars moved to Charlotte, we never got another nickel's worth of business.

"At the end of the year no one was getting paid. This was in the paper every day. There was too much competition for the league to survive. By the time we got to the World Bowl we went from about an eight rating to a two. All of this I attribute to credibility. The credibility killed it. Also there is this big city prejudice, see. A person who lives in New York is insulted to go see San Antonio, a burg like that. He wants Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia. If the little burgs ever beat you, it's ridiculous. It's insulting."

Before the 1975 season, Einhorn said, "I went to a big meeting of all the owners at the Waldorf. Hemmeter had everyone there and they made the big announcement about how the new WFL was in existence. Then they said they were hoping to sign Joe Namath. As soon as it was over, I went up to Chris and I told him he had just buried himself. I said, 'Chris, you just did the worst thing you possibly could do. If you don't get Namath you're through. You've put all your credibility on your ability to sign Joe Namath.' I was right, of course. My clients all reacted the same way—they wouldn't buy time until they saw if Joe was signed. Now if the league had signed Namath—although, who knows, he might've got hurt in the first five minutes of play—that would have been the fluff needed to bring the thing back from the dead, at least for the start.

"So the people wouldn't buy it. You can't promise them Joe Namath and then give them some bum. They blew the credibility factor when they blew Namath. After that happened we couldn't sell a thing. We just let it pass. In the final analysis, the league had mediocrity written all over it. It had \$250- or \$300-a-game players written all over it. I think the lack of a national television package definitely hurt their credibility, too. If a league's not good enough to have a national TV game of the week, a guy doesn't want to go. It's bush and he's not going to pay money to see it."

*continued*



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The caliber of football in WFL I and WFL II was not all *that* bad. Portland's Joe Wylie, who played previously with two NFL teams, said, "I felt the play in the WFL was high quality. It was good football. But some things were not NFL, that's for sure. The offenses in the WFL just were not as sophisticated. I played at Oakland and with the Jets, and their workouts were so developed. But in the WFL, how could you develop a system in one year when you're making so many changes?" By midseason our playbooks were almost obsolete."

And Jerry Inman, a tackle with the Portland Thunder, said, "I went to the old AFL with Denver in 1966, and I'd say the caliber of ball we played here in the WFL was better than what we played there in the first three years of the Denver franchise. The caliber of ball here was excellent."

Such players as Memphis Running Back Willie Spencer and the Sun's Anthony Davis are clearly of NFL caliber even though they never played there. But there also was a number of vagabond ballplayers in the league. The Bell's Corcoran was typical of this group. Before the WFL he worked for the Portsmouth Firebirds, the Norfolk Neptunes, the Wilmington Clippers and the Lowell Giants. He also had tryouts with four NFL teams.

Defense was never a strong point of the WFL game. One weekend last October, the scores of the five games played were 42-38, 37-33, 29-16, 32-29 and 39-14. The highest scoring game in the league's brief life occurred in August of WFL II, when the Sun beat the Bell 58-39. Davis ran for 115 yards that day. It was also a most unusual game for WFL II in that it was televised—over Channel 29 in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, Channel 29 cut the broadcast off the air before the historic game was over, pleading that it had a "prior commitment." What prior commitment? Nothing, really. The station merely played the national anthem and pulled the plug for the night.

John McKay, son of the USC coach and a wide receiver who was accustomed to college crowds of close to 75,000, recalled the scene that greeted the Sun at John F. Kennedy Stadium before that game with the Bell. "When we came out to warm up, I looked around and there wasn't one person in the stands. Not over

I thought, 'My God, aren't we going to have anyone?' I think we ended up with 3,100, or something like that."

The Philadelphia Bell was the worst draw in WFL II. At the team's home opener against the Hawaiians, the management featured Henri La Mothe, a diver whose specialty was leaping from the top of a 40-foot ladder into a small portable pool. Only 2,732 people turned up for the dive and the game. The diver survived, but ultimately the Bell fell on such hard times that the team had to fire all its cheerleaders because it couldn't afford to pay them the \$10 a game it had promised.

Elvis Presley regularly attended games of the Memphis Southmen. Once, when country singer Charlie Rich stumbled through *The Star-Spangled Banner* and returned to his seat next to Presley, Elvis said, "That's a tough song, ain't it?" To which Rich replied, "It ain't no *Be- hind Closed Doors*."

Hemmeter, a colorless, clean-cut, 36-year-old, look-you-straight-in-the-eye Rotary Club type, devoutly believed that WFL II could become successful if only he could install "prudent business practices" and "a sound financial control concept." Referring to the helter-skelter shambles of kited checks and payless paydays that marked WFL I, the league president said, "I thought that righting a wrong would certainly be rewarded and we would attract strong public support due to our insistence on a businesslike atmosphere. This was not the case. The 1974 problems haunted us, the lack of credibility stayed with us. We found that paying bills was not enough to save the WFL."

"We failed in marketing. Possibly I was the wrong person to head up the league. Maybe pro sports are a little too swinging for me. I'm conservative and I don't have public appeal and flamboyance. We had excitement on the field, but the league lacked excitement. Most of us are bankers and we lacked charisma, mystique."

Interestingly enough, Hemmeter, a millionaire developer from Hawaii who owns 13 companies and expects to open his \$150 million Hemmeter Center in Honolulu next summer, had designed one of the more charismatic offices in

sport for his WFL headquarters. It had suede walls.

Before the 1975 season, the president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce invited between 100 and 140 would-be investors to meet with Hemmeter; 29 showed up. Then the Charlotte Jaycees sent invitations to 200 companies to come hear a sales pitch for the Hornets, and two people appeared.

During the early part of the season, the Hornets were evicted from the local baseball park, where they practiced, because the owner claimed they owed him \$1,500. Hornet Owner Upton Bell said the payment was not due until the park was improved—it had only four showers, no goal posts and for a while there were no yard lines on the field.

Not everyone felt the WFL was a flop. One fan wrote a letter to the editor of the *Shreveport Times*: "Shreveport was just another city with bars, pool halls, bowling alleys and theaters drifting in the sieve. Then Shreveport was alive, a city that was breathless, pulsating, cheering, boeing. 'Go! Go! Get 'em! ...' I can't believe the time has run out so quickly and the ball game is over. Death is a blessing for some, and a heartache for some. When it strikes the young that have fought so bravely and gallantly, it is a heartache. Goodbye Edd, Big Jim, Captain Taylor. God bless you and thanks for the memories."

During a Southern California Sun game with the Honolulu Hawaiians a fight broke out. Honolulu's Mike Giddings stormed onto the field yelling, "Anyone who's not back on the sidelines by the time I count to 10 is going to be fined." One player retorted, "Fined? Fined from *what*?" Whereupon both teams stopped fighting and began laughing.

The Hawaiians couldn't afford to hire an experienced trainer in 1975, so they took on George Kamau, an ambulance driver, who knew nothing about the job but said he was willing to learn.

The week before the last game with the Southern California Sun, the Hawaiians asked their players to take pay cuts to save the franchise. Both quarterback backs refused and quit. Two days before the game the team recruited Milt Holt, who had played at Harvard, and Jim Fassel, who

*continued*

had been a player-coach for the Hawaiians in their first year. Holt was taken from a desk job at Honolulu city hall and Fussell had been driving a truck in Los Angeles. The Hawaiians lost 26-7.

The Memphis Southmen was considered one of the best-run WFL operations. Despite the death of the league, the club remains eminently un-defunct. No one has been laid off, the phones still work—and ring constantly. Coaches are still out signing players and scouting new recruits. A week after the WFL died the club started a new campaign to sell season tickets, which was expected to produce 40,000 paying customers. The Memphis City Council unanimously approved a 50,000-seat expansion for the stadium, and most of the players have signed new contracts for 1976. They also still get paychecks every Thursday.

This all seems surrealistic until one realizes that the object is to reinforce John Bassett's application for a franchise in

the NFL next year. Despite Bassett's hurry-up switch from Toronto to Memphis in 1974, the Southmen drew an average of more than 19,000 per game. The \$3 million Csonka-Kuck-Warfield troika proved far more valuable as a publicity gimmick than as a game-winner (the team had a mildly impressive 7-5 record when the league folded). Csonka was hurt most of the season, Warfield caught fewer passes than a tight end named Ed Marshall from Cameron University via the Cincinnati Bengals, and Kuck gained less yardage than either John Harvey or Willie Spencer. People in Memphis are quick—and proud—to recall that their team rarely displayed the feckless buffoonery that characterized so much of WFL I. Perhaps they should not be allowed to remember only the bright aspects of their day in the WFL, however. The team was also called the Grizzlies, and it had a grizzly bear cub as its mascot. During one game the cub playfully chewed through the insulation on a

wire lying on the ground; when he got to the core he gave himself a terrific shock that threw him over on his back—and also shorted out the stadium scoreboard for about 10 minutes.

#### WHEN THE AX FELL

• The phones instantly went dead in the plush offices of the Southern California Sun. "They were ringing off the wall, then silence," said a secretary. "Dead silence. We couldn't figure it out. Then someone tried to call out. No dial tone." The phone company had cut them off to save large tolls which might not have been paid.

• The public-relations man for the San Antonio Wings, Don Dailey, drove a station wagon—one of six loaned to the team by Tom Benson, a local Chevrolet dealer—to a surprise meeting of the team's stockholders, where the death of the WFL was announced. Stunned, Dailey returned to the Wings' office, collected his personal effects and in 10 minutes

*continued*

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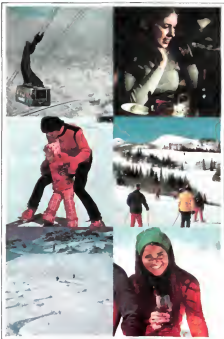
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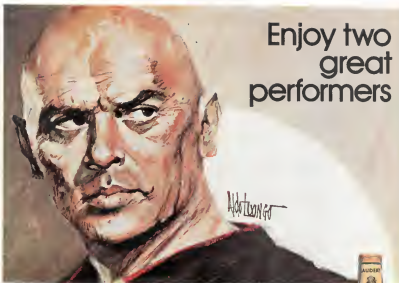
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was ready to load them into his car. Suddenly a man drove up, blocked Dailey's vehicle and declared, "Don't waste your time loading that stuff into that car, buddy. We got orders from Tom Benson to pick it up—right now."

• Anthony Davis departed his team's abandoned headquarters, loaded up like a trash man with mementos of his days in the Sun. He had played 12 games, gained 1,000 yards, scored 18 touchdowns and received daily abject adulation from children who came knocking at the door of his house in Villa Park. As he left the Sun offices, Davis walked slowly by the giant magenta and orange sunburst on the wall of the lobby, passing, without a glance, a three-foot-high golden trophy that had cost \$2,000. It was to have been given at this season's end to the Sun's most valuable player and there were plates on it for names of most valuable players in the ensuing years through 1979.

• The most common answer to man-on-the-street interviews in San Antonio concerning the demise of the Wings was, "Who were the Wings?"

• Willie Wood, head coach of the Bell, spoke with grief: "I put my reputation on the line when I took this job. I committed myself to building something to try and win some games, and at the same time build something for the next three, four years. I don't think the team I took over was very good, but I tried, I tried to groove the spirit, add some players—we could have been on our way. I can't say I was shocked by what has happened. But I suddenly realized how hard I've been rooting for this underdog. I suddenly realized a whole lot of good people are out of work. I suddenly realized a great idea had gone to dust."

• When Hemmeyer was informed that NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle had forbidden his league owners to sign any players from the WFL, Hemmeyer said the decision was definitely *aleo*. This is an old Hawaiian word which means a foul, swampy odor.

• John Bisacco, the prevailing "governor" (as WFL II pretentiously labeled its owners) of the Philadelphia Bell, summed up the life and death of the league with stark and succinct candor: "It was on the operating table for two years. This was merely a form of euthanasia."

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- ☐ Steve Carlton 8506
- ☐ Steve Garvey 8501
- ☐ Greg Gross 8507

- ☐ Reggie Jackson 8A3
- ☐ George Medich 8508
- ☐ Bobby Murcer 8509
- ☐ Jim Palmer 8502
- ☐ Pete Rose 3N1
- ☐ Nolan Ryan 8510
- ☐ Mike Schmidt 8511
- ☐ Tom Seaver 8N1
- ☐ Ted Simmons 8512
- ☐ Willie Stargatt 8N4
- ☐ Don Sutton 8513
- ☐ Joe Torre 8514

### TENNIS

- ☐ Arthur Ashe 1T2
- ☐ Bjorn Borg 73019
- ☐ Billie Jean King 7T5
- ☐ Rod Laver 1T1
- ☐ John Newcombe 7T8
- ☐ Stan Smith 1T4

### SOCCER

- ☐ Paul Child 15C5
- ☐ Steve David 15C4
- ☐ Pete 15C2
- ☐ Bob Rigby 15C3
- ☐ Kyle Rote, Jr. 15C1
- ☐ Julie Vee 15C8

### OTHER SPORTS

- ☐ Johnny Miller 1G1
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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GARY TITMOUTH

### MAYHEM

Sir:

It is difficult to shock the present-day sports fan but after reading Ray Kennedy's poignant essay on the mayhem in hockey (*Wanted: An End to Mayhem*, Nov. 17), I was genuinely saddened. I had the same feeling when I started John Underwood's article on kids' football (*Taking the Fun Out of a Game*). However, the latter ended up on one of the warmest high notes that I can recall as Bob Cupp's pee-wee ran his first sweep. I was still smiling as I closed the magazine—until I was confronted once more by the hockey brawl pictured on your cover. Do you think you could introduce Clarence Campbell to Cupp? Perhaps the NHL owners ought to meet him, too.

G. GORDON CONNALLY

Buffalo

Sir:

The current trend toward out-and-out assault in professional hockey is not only abhorrent but intolerable. Under the law, such actions are criminal offenses and not subject to NHL "interpretations." Bobby Orr has my respect and admiration for being man enough to stand up against the trend. When well played, hockey can be exciting, physical and interesting. In its present form it is an insult to any true sports fan.

RICHARD S. BRUCKWAY

Huntington, N.Y.

Sir:

The violence in hockey should not shock anyone. Man (and woman) was born with violence in his (or her) blood. I think the NHL should establish strict rules for needless fights but not for the ones that erupt from the heat of the battle.

JOSEPH BARRETT

New York City

Sir:

Your article may be comparable to one found in *Rome Illustrated* in 476 A.D.

GARY E. WILSON

Bowling Green, Ohio

### FOR FUN

Sir:

I compliment John Underwood on his fine article and Bob Cupp on his fun approach to the game of football. Having attended my 10-year-old son's baptism into the world of organized football this season, I was appalled at the clinical, win-at-any-cost approach to

the sport. The scene could very well have taken place at Municipal Stadium, except the participants were 70 pounds soaking wet. I am sure some good is derived from all of this, but I will not soon forget the sight of one "coach" loudly berating a small boy on the sideline, reducing him to tears. Where was the fun that day?

HAL G. TIPPETT

Cleveland

Sir:

Why must everything successful become suspect? In your article we coaches were treated as if we all had Napoleonic complexes. Isn't it possible that the vast majority of us are merely well-meaning adults who enjoy the game and working with children?

Human beings are by nature competitive, and children are their own severest critics.

HUGH J. HICKSON

Lawwood, N.J.

Sir:

As a Little League umpire, I was continually aghast at the immaturity of managers. I was sure that the fault lay with forcing the "winning" ethos of adults upon kids. I've since changed my mind. The villain is our spectator society. Deprived of the physical release of exerting his direct influence on the game, the spectator goes bananas. The manager, aware of the ravages of old age, mourns his own youthful missed chances and cleanses himself by taking it out on "his" kids. The truth is that small children are not terribly concerned with winning. The sense of teamwork and physical exhilaration are goals enough. What we really need are leagues for aging parents.

MARTIN GILL

Evansville, Ill.

### SPORTSMEN

Sir:

Based on his statistics—331 batting average, 21 home runs, 165 RBIs—plus his contribution to his team's success and being named Rookie of the Year, my vote for Sportsman of the Year goes to Fred Lynn of the Boston Red Sox.

TOM SCHRAMMHOFF

Oneonta, N.Y.

Sir:

O. J. Simpson. He's the best open-field runner since Gale Sayers.

JAMES C. MILLER III

Bloomington, Ind.

continued

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## 19TH HOLE (continued)

Sir:

Has anyone won the award twice in a row? I ask because I hope you guys are smart enough to pick Muhammad Ali again.

GARY BARLEY

Moline, Ill.

Sir:

Archie Griffin.

STEPHEN G. KENNEY

Somers, N.Y.

## ROOKIES

Sir:

In regard to the article *The Most Likely to Succeed* in your March 31 issue, whatever happened to all those major league rookies who couldn't make it: Keith Hernandez (St. Louis), Marc Hill (San Francisco), Tom Verzyer (Detroit), Gary Carter (Montreal), Jim Kern (Cleveland) and Phil Garner (Oakland)?

LOU MALIK

Wichita, Kans.

• Here are their major league statistics: Hernandez, first base, 64 games, .250 BA, three HRs, 20 RBIs; Hill, catcher, 72 games, .214 BA, five HRs, 23 RBIs; Verzyer, shortstop, 128 games, .252 BA, five HRs, 48 RBIs; Carter, catcher and outfielder, 144 games, .270 BA, 17 HRs, 68 RBIs; Kern, pitcher, 13 games (72 innings), 3.77 ERA, won one, lost two; Garner, second base, 160 games, .246 BA, six HRs, 34 RBIs.—ED.

## READING FOR THE BLIND

Sir:

We were delighted to see your LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (Nov. 3) describing the Talking Book editions of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and other magazines available to persons with visual or physical impairments which prevent them from reading.

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